The Making of a Great Race

By Bayard Taylor

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The Making of a Great Race

RACIAL AND RELIGIOUS CROSS-CURRENTS IN THE UNITED STATES

By
EDWARD A. STEINER
Author of "On the Trail of the Immigrant," etc.

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New York: 158 Fifth Avenue
Chicago: 851 Cass Street
London: 21 Paternoster Square
Edinburgh: 99 George Street

DEDICATION

In memory of my friend, S. Edgar Briggs, to whose insistence and encouragement I owe my place among those who write books.

UNITED THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
OCT 29 1962

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FOREWORD

THE United States of America has celebrated the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, when thirteen colonies, with a variety of interests and religious and political viewpoints, entered into a covenant to begin an experiment quite new in the experience of the human race.

A State without a king, and the Church to prove its own worth and maintain its own life, without help or hindrance from the State. It was a divorce of Church and State without alimony but also without acrimony.

Dire disaster was foretold, and had the experiment failed, monarchic Europe would have mourned as much as capitalistic society would now mourn a dissolving view of the Bolshevik régime. However, the United States has outlived most of the European monarchies and is at the present time one of the most vital political institutions in the world. Inwardly it is so solidified that there is scarcely any divergence in political opinion, and so uniform in its outlook upon life and in its standards of conduct that " Main Street " was claimed by every town the size of Gopher Prairie, and Mr. Babbitt by every city between Los Angeles and Portland, Maine.

If the War proved anything at all—except the futil-

ity of war—it proved that we are a nation in spite of the variety of our earlier and later origins.

Our enemies were dismayed and our allies were amazed at the ferocity of our hates and the fervour of our devotion to what we believed was a holy cause. Instead of a rope of sand we proved to be a cable; we moved as with one will, and we struck as with one arm. The magic of the Stars and Stripes was as potent as that of much older banners, tested by centuries of warfare.

But when the War was over it wasn't over. Like the measles, it broke out inside. Our fears were stimulated by the intelligence test, by race dogmatists who reasoned from guinea-pigs upwards to the Edwards family, and from the Jukes family down to the wrinkles on a pea. Race and religion became twin bugaboos and Madison Grant and Lothrop Stoddard gave scientific sanction to the Ku Klux Klan mania.

What I have to say on this subject is not free from bias, for I am an immigrant and a member of a clearly differentiated racial and cultural group; but it is free from prejudice. My bias is under control, it does not run amuck as a prejudice. I have enough of a scientific attitude to recognize my own limitations, and to recognize the limitations created by my bias.

Nevertheless, I believe that our political institutions are safe, except from decay due to incompetence and dishonesty, and that our biological future is jeopardized more by loose living, than by mongrelization. I believe that in time, and in a comparatively short time as one measures history, the varied racial groups will

be absorbed into a cultural, though not a complete racial unit. Nationality becomes in time synonymous with race, and if this mechanical, our so-called materialistic age, develops a culture at all, it will be a common, national culture.

The public schools, the newspapers, the English language, a common literary heritage and future literary achievements; our art, political institutions, laws; our experience together in national and international affairs will all make for a cultural homogeneity.

This culture will be influenced less by what the immigrant brings than by what he finds and into what he can grow. I mean that the results need not be left to the ancient protoplasm and its long-lived children, the chromozones. We are not doomed to mediocrity or worse, unless we choose to be scientific Calvinists, who believe in predestination, and that salvation comes for and from the Nordics, and that damnation is for the non-elect Alpines and Mediterraneans.

Heredity, of course, will be a great factor, yet I do not believe that the experiments of the biological laboratory with peas and guinea-pigs need dismay us. A strong national will can mitigate the handicaps of heredity, and neither peas nor guinea-pigs are known to be strong-minded.

Differences will remain for some time, and it is best that they should remain. A nation need not be so standardized that spare parts can be found in every cross-road garage. A healthy unity is developed by a healthy struggle against a deadening uniformity. The differences will be racial. There will be enough colour

left,—red enough to remind us of our broken faith with the Indians; black enough to reprove us for our unpaid wages to the slaves, and enough coffee-colour to stigmatize the innocent with the mark of the lust of white slave-owners.

There will be kinky hair for centuries, perhaps always, in spite of Madam Walker's hair straightener; also broad skulls and slant eyes and crook of nose. Blood will tell, though we do not know what it will tell. The most significant differences after all may be religious, not due to religious faiths, but to religious cultures, and by culture I mean the form which life assumes as an expression of the Spirit; culture in distinction from civilization as a spiritual expression.

I do not intend to discuss creeds or theology, though I shall not be able to escape them; but rather the net results of creeds and theology. It might have been best to call this a discussion of racial and religious psychology, but that would require the use of a vocabulary which is often used in class-rooms to hide the professor's ignorance and which makes the students believe that they are getting a college education.

I shall discuss, then, culture as the result of a certain form of spiritual life in the three dominant religious groups in the United States—Jews, Roman Catholics, and Protestants—and, to a lesser degree, culture as an expression of racial inheritance and national tradition.

Most of these chapters were originally in the form of lectures, and this form has been retained. Some of the chapters have appeared in various periodicals, and to their editors I wish to offer my thanks.

This book is not entirely the result of research but of experience. It has grown out of my sympathetic contacts with a variety of racial and religious groups and out of the observations of the conflicts they create. It may be that feelings will be hurt; one cannot write upon this subject of race and religions without giving offence; but then the greatest hurt will be mine, for I have always tried to be fair, and help toward more friendly contacts and the lessening of conflicts. Above all else, I have striven to create in myself a cultural synthesis.

I may be guilty of errors of judgment, but I have no desire to increase prejudices. On the contrary, as a preacher, teacher and writer, I have had only one desire: to Help fulfil the sublime prayer of Jesus, "That they may be one even as we are one."

E. A. S.

Grinnell, Iowa.

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I

THE END OF AN EPOCH

FOR centuries America has been the hope of Europe's poor and oppressed. A steerage ticket to New York, or the first prize in the lottery were the only ways out of a settled misery, and both happened too often only in their dreams.

Yet for millions the steerage dream came true, and if they did not all find here a "land flowing with milk and honey," the miracle of the loaves and fishes was performed for many of them, and no one took much trouble in picking up the fragments.

The story of the great exodus from the Old World to the New can now be written; and one may also trace the effects of the discovery of America upon the fortunes of mankind. What has been said thus far about the perils and blessings of immigration, has been influenced largely by one's sympathies or antipathies, and even the scientific mind has succumbed to the natural prejudices aroused by this great social phenomenon. Figures did not lie, and liars did not figure, but statistics were often marshalled for certain effects, and interpreted to suit one's convictions.

The discovery of America, which was the most important event in the history of mankind, grew gradually upon its consciousness. It did not burst upon

Europe as it might have in these days of speedy communication. Columbus had no press agent, which may account for the fact that he was cheated out of the glory of bestowing his name upon the new world. Neither he nor his contemporaries realized the full significance of the discovery, when a new world rose virgin-like out of the sea, with gold for the adventurer and free land for the toiler. A new, clean world, without traditions or dogmas; a world in which the dreamer of great dreams could make their realization possible.

The news of the discovery of America travelled from the south of Europe to the north, marking the period of colonization, and then again from the north of Europe to the south, completing the period of immigration. From Columbus to the quota law is the simple outline. The filling in of the story, the expansion of the story, is more difficult.

What, for instance, was the effect of emigration upon the Mother Continent? No doubt it delayed social and political revolutions, by draining off discontent; but it also made them inevitable by stimulating the democratic idea and increasing the wants of the common man.

The earlier immigration left the homeland practically unaffected, as the severance was complete. The pioneer struggle necessary in the winning of homesteads, the fairly ample economic rewards, and the yet undeveloped sense of nationalism, weaned the alien quickly from the mother country.

The completion of the agricultural conquest and the beginning of the industrial era changed the character

of the whole movement and also its influence. Unattached males came in large numbers to gather the quick and flux wage reward, and they returned to the homeland when hard times struck the labour market, or when cheap steerage rates made frequent visits to the homeland possible.

Even those who came with their families, returned periodically; for not only was it cheaper to await the returning good times in Naples than in New York, but a tenement house on one of the east to west streets, all of them alike, bred no loyalty, and leaving them caused no homesickness. Thus, poor men, peasants mostly, returned to their home land comparatively wealthy, though often with more of their wealth in their bragging than in their baggage; in their strut rather than in their purses; but they were expensively, if strangely, garbed, sported jewellery, and had acquired new, rich tastes in food and drink.

Their less lucky neighbours, who ate their *Kascha* or *Polenta,* and whose sheepskin coat was an heirloom, grew envious, and wanted what America had so bountifully bestowed on their kind. If they could not or would not emigrate, they could demand higher wages, and, labour growing scarce, their demands were granted.

The standard of living increased rapidly, other causes beside emigration began to be operative, and labour, which had long suffered patiently and in silence, began to be articulate; so that the returned immigrant was not regarded as an unmixed blessing by the privileged classes. "We send you patient peasants, and you return them to us socialists and anarchists," was

a common complaint against America, and was not wholly unjustified.

While it is true that the social revolution in Europe was stimulated by returning immigrants, it is also true that nationalism was strengthened, especially among the minority races. The peasant immigrant was, generally speaking, not conscious of nationality when he began to emigrate *en masse*. If he were a Slovak, ruled by the proud Magyars, he developed an inferiority complex, which made him a submissive vassal. There was no Slovakia. When asked about his nationality, he said he was an Austrian, and for a long time he was known as such to immigrant authorities and in industrial communities.

The benevolent associations, which he always joined, assumed a nationalistic character, and while they insured him against ill health and a pauper's grave, they also aroused his dormant, national spirit. Thus, Czechoslovakia was all but made in Pittsburgh. Partitioned Poland was united firmly in the hearts of steel workers and miners on this side the Atlantic, long before the World War, and Zionism would have been less than the dream it is, had it not been turned into hard cash by the Jews in the New World, who, on the Island of Manhattan, were made to think of a restored Palestine.

Ukranians, Magyars, Croats, Albanians, Montenegrins, and all other nationalities who have been forbidden to eat from the tree of self-determination, or who have suffered because others have eaten too much, are now brooding over their Mother Country's grievances.

Whether the draining of surplus population from Europe has relieved the pressure, or whether it has actually encouraged reproduction, is under dispute. The observable facts are, that a vacuum was created and that the less favoured peoples poured into the cities to satisfy the demands of industry. Jews from Poland crowded into Hungary wherever a store or office had been vacated. The net effect was, that practically every community had an immigration problem, and legislative means were urged and practiced to solve it.

The effect of immigration upon the United States is not so easily encompassed; for its whole historic structure rests upon it. Successive waves of immigration, the gradual adjustment of various racial stocks to the new environment, and its influence upon them, make the bulk of the history of the United States. As, for instance, the English pressing the Spanish and the French into inconsequential corners of the continent, bringing with them progressive, political ideas, advanced culture and the Protestant faith, and making them dominant.

The Scotch-Irish moving into the interior, after finding the Eastern coast in the possession of the English, pioneering across the Alleghenies, strengthening the cultural ties with the motherland, but intensifying the democratic idea, making the break with England easier, and furnishing a fine amalgam for the racial and cultural mixture to be.

The German pilgrims from the Palatinate, pietistic, quiet, determined, faithful folk, mystical yet practical; enriching a commonwealth by their industry and thrift.

The Dutch along the Hudson and in the Mohawk Valley, then the sweep of the Scandinavians and Germans into the further and further West, filling up the waste places and bringing fine values to the raw land.

The Irish, congesting the cities, squatting on the edges of nothing, intemperate with tongues, fists and bottles; starting all sorts of problems and giving the reformers a chance to reform everything and everybody. The Irish when they were good, were very, very good, and when they were not so good, they were—not so good.

Then, at the end of the nineteenth century, the beginning of the end—the flood. Slavs, Italians, Greeks, Roumanians, toilers mostly, and the Jews, traders mostly, and with them all the real and fancied ills of congestion; colonization, alienism, poverty, low standard of living, racial and cultural deterioration.

This last immigration has furnished high school students and congressmen with material for debates and orations; the Ku Klux Klan with zeal for the cross of the lowly, patient Christ; members of patriotic societies a chance to take pride in their ancestors by contrast with the newcomers; sociologists a field in which to be sentimental or dogmatic, and all sorts of organizations a reason for existence because of their ability to Americanize the immigrants.

To be specific, it is no doubt true that the swift, ruthless exploitation of natural resources would have been difficult if not impossible, without the aid of the crude immigrant folk, to whom God gave a passion for common labour, by denying them other gifts. Hewers

of wood and drawers of water, they drew long furrows from sunrise till sunset, winning from the virgin soil an abundant harvest. The wealth of the nation grew first in the soil, and the contribution made to it by immigrant folk was not inconsiderable.

The immigrant was much more loyal to the land than the native American. He came from an old and exhausted soil which needed unremitting labour and constant nurture. As one learns to love dependent or crippled children, so he became attached to "Mother Earth," as he affectionately called the sod. He was just as careful of the untilled prairie as of an ailing child. He built bigger and bigger barns and stables, though his house was small and primitive. His children, of whom there were many, laboured as soon as they could do the chores and hold the plow to the furrow. With each turn of the years, the land grew more and more valuable and his bank account increased accordingly.

The town which was his trading centre, was usually a substantial but conservative community, and what we call progress was often delayed. Booms rarely happened through his initiative, and the wreckage due to their bursting was also avoided. The great agricultural depression which has swept over the middle west is much less felt in immigrant communities.

The American farmer had much more initiative. He came to the soil with the spirit of adventure. He was like a lover who will do anything to woo the maid, but is apt to neglect her when she becomes the mate. He deserted the land when it did not yield profit, or did

not yield it in abundance, or when he could trade it for a drug store, or whatever was offered for barter. Then the more plodding foreigner came in to reclaim the neglected land and rejuvenate it.

The American farmer had many qualities which were much more profitable in the social sense. He did not exploit his children systematically, he built better homes than barns, he taxed himself without grudging for better schools and roads. He lived his life in two dimensions. He earned and spent, while the foreigner lived his in three dimensions. He earned, he spent, he saved. These, of course, are generalizations, and must be accepted as such. Nevertheless it is true, that on the whole, the substantial, permanent development of agriculture in the United States, and its basic and permanent wealth, are to a large degree due to the unremitting toil of the foreign-born, who gained from it a living and put back into it life itself.

Sociologists tell us that the population of the United States would have increased as fast without immigration, and that the army of toilers would have been filled by native labourers.

Undeniably this would be true, if the increase in population had remained as it was in those " blessed " days when women accepted the pains of frequent childbirth as their unquestioned lot and duty. It may also be true that the pressure of population due to immigration tended to diminish this frequency; but there were other factors at work which cannot be traced directly to the pressure of population.

Woman's self-assertion, her desire for freedom, for

culture, for the necessary leisure were bound to have their influence upon maternity. The fact is, that the well-to-do practice restriction of families more assiduously than the mates who are less privileged, and the fact that Harvard graduates produce one and a fraction offspring on an average, can hardly be traced to the influence of those who call Ellis Island their alma mater.

Besides voluntary birth restriction, a near sort of sterility has developed among the older American stocks, notably those of the New England breed, a phenomenon which by its very nature is difficult to study.

As in agriculture, so in industry, the American does hard labour with skill, and efficiently, but he does not accept it as his permanent lot either for himself or his children. Moreover, our machine-driven industrial life has increased certain monotonous drudgeries, which are distasteful to the quicker-witted American. There is little or no chance for self-expression or for adventure, in handling a punching-machine, or turning the same lever the same way all the time.

Our mass production has been served best by the less awakened Slav or Italian, whose demands upon life are satisfied when he has done his work and received his wage. The American demands and needs a goal away ahead, a pioneer line, which the usual unskilled labour field does not provide.

When the agricultural development reached its peak, coal and ore were discovered in amazing richness and had to be wedded and welded, again it was the toiler from across the sea who came to perform the solemn,

sacrificial rites. It is idle to speculate as to whether our industrial development would have held the swift pace with which it started, had it not been for the successive reinforcement of the crude labour elements of much physical vigour and fewer immediate wants.

It is also claimed that labour-saving machinery would have been developed more quickly, had it not been for the cheap European labour; but the inventive genius in that direction was constantly stimulated by the desire to reduce the cost of production, and old machinery was scrapped as fast as new machinery could be installed.

Immigrant labour has long been a fixed element in America's industrial world, and a much larger proportion was gainfully occupied in it before the War than of the native white or coloured population.

The native-born American is apt to lack the sense of thoroughness, the genius for application and devotion to detail, necessary in some of the more skilled trades. It is therefore not unreasonable to say that without the particular types of labour furnished by the immigrants, industrial activities in the United States would have been greatly hampered. Foreign labour manifests a certain work courage, a ready facing of the full day's task, and honesty in the performance of duty.

In this connection it is interesting to note that from the days of antiquity till now, foreign labour was employed by the cultural nations. Egypt built its cities, its temples and pyramids with the aid of immigrant labour. Rome used its captives, modern Germany permitted an annual influx of Polish and Italian labour.

France draws now upon Poland and Italy for men to perform the tasks for which she does not have the necessary human material. Most of the railroads on the Continent, the monumental bridges and buildings were erected by the aid of Italians, who, for a long time, held the monopoly on certain types of skilled and unskilled labour.

There are vast problems connected with the use of an alien labour force, for, after all, men are more than machines. They are fathers and prospective citizens. They may or may not fit into the social and political life of the nation. They may be an economic asset, but they also may become a social and political liability. There is no doubt that the immigrant is both an asset and a liability, and that he represents both profit and a problem.

The mere question whether this great industrial development increases the real happiness of the United States, cannot so easily be answered. We might have been better off had we remained an agricultural Arcadia, without Fords or Rolls-Royces, without skyscrapers or ice cream cones, without aeroplanes or subways; or if we would not have accepted the size of a Sears-Roebuck Catalogue as an index of the progress of the nation.

However, it is true that the economic and therefore the political leadership of the United States was made possible by the availability of huge labour forces so largely made up of the foreign-born. The fear that they would permanently lower the standard of living has proved groundless, and from being regarded as

" brother to the ox," content with little, they are now feared as wanting to be brother to the " boss," and " run the works." The immigrants have given an impulse to the revolutionary movement in the industrial world, though less than is popularly imagined, considering that the labour group is so largely foreign-born or of foreign parentage. The academic trend given to the labour question was furnished by them, and agitation is frequently in their hands; though the most radical labour group, the I. W. W., is of American origin and largely under American, or at least English-speaking leadership; while the most conservative group, the American Federation of Labour, was for many years under the guidance of a Jewish immigrant, Samuel Gompers.

The neglect of the human factor has made the foreigners easy victims of agitators; but it is the common experience that wherever they have been treated justly, and with some consideration of their needs beyond the mere wage, they have responded with loyalty and gratitude.

The foreign-born are apt to value and accept the leadership of Americans whenever it is effective and has back of it a high purpose. True, they are suspicious, but that is by virtue of certain unforgettable experiences with American courts and officials; yet they are often more suspicious of their own kind, and have reason to be.

In spite of the presence of so many foreign-born, the nation, on the whole, has grown more solidly conscious of its economic and political power, it has grown in

unity of sentiment, and racial groups have had but little influence upon its domestic or foreign problems.

The Great War, although it stirred deep sympathies for the motherlands, was fought with a unity of will and purpose which amazed our enemies and delighted our allies. While it is true that pressure had to be used to make the fusing possible, the fact is, that the power was available, and that it was employed far in excess of the necessity.

The influence of the Irish in national politics has waned, now that Ireland has been freed from the oppression of the English, and Ireland has to be saved only from the oppression of the Irish. It is very interesting to note that we were most influenced in our international relationships by the French, who furnished us with practically no immigration. The national sentiment has been little affected by our English, cultural, and political heritage, by the millions of German-born American citizens and other so-called hyphenates. Their desires were as ineffective in determining our foreign policies as they are in shaping national legislation. The World War, the Eighteenth Amendment and the quota immigration law prove this conclusively.

Congress is at least ninety-nine per cent pure American, its loss of prestige is due to its own limitations, and has nothing to do with the foreign-born citizens who helped elect its members.

The cultural effect of immigration, due to the variety of peoples who have come to these shores has been exaggerated. The language of the country has remained English, and the changes which have come into its

vocabulary are not traceable in any great degree to the presence of a mass of non-English-speaking people. The imported speech suffers from the disintegrating effect of English phrases, but the English remains unaffected by Scandinavians in Minneapolis, Germans in Milwaukee, or the Yiddish in New York. Our slang has all the earmarks of native manufacture, and the vulgarization of our English is a common native vice.

The social and religious ideals of the nation are changing rapidly, no doubt; but the immigrant has had less effect upon them than has the general revolt against authority and restraint, which has swept the whole world.

The immigrants, notably certain strongly raced groups, who have come with old cultures, such as the Jewish people, have some disintegrating effect, not because of their cultures themselves; but in the revolt against them. It is the Paganized or the Hellenized Jew, not the Jewish Jew, who affects our viewpoints, and it is the Paganized American who is his faithful ally. They are as much alike in their philosophy of life, or lack of it, as the Jewish Jew and the Puritan American are alike.

The Puritan viewpoint still prevails, though it is seriously threatened, and the protest against it which amounts to a revolt, is greater among the native-born than it is among the inarticulate mass of the foreign-born. Their children adopt American ways quickly enough, and their cultural life will be American; though that does not safeguard its stability and vitality, or its spiritual content and force.

American culture is in need, not of the fanatical zeal with which it is defended in some quarters; but of a genuine faith in its creative, as well as its inhibitive qualities.

The pleasure life has been greatly stimulated by the more light-hearted and more sensuous Germans, Jews and Latins. The sex element has been more freely discussed on the stage; though the coarse, crude jests and off-colour stories were known in music halls and "girlie" shows, long before the Hebrews controlled the theatrical business.

The movies at their best and worst are under Jewish management; but is it not doubtful that the average American showman would have used them entirely for the social and spiritual uplift of the American people?

But for Negro music and that of the foreign-born, America would have been all but mute, until these latter days, and even its ballads and much of its jazz (and may God forgive them) have been made on Broadway by the Children of Israel.

Social institutions, the home and the Church, those bulwarks of Puritanism, have been deteriorating without the aid of the foreign-born; for they do not change their mates easily or frequently, nor do they neglect their duty toward the Church until they have become more or less Americanized.

The biological problem, the question of the effect of these varied blood strains upon the ultimate American, the future alone can reveal. Scientists differ as to the results of cross breedings. Some see nothing but doom, others see rejuvenation and the quickening of the na-

tive imagination and intelligence. Both are guesses, and one man's guess is as good as another's. In the meanwhile we know that intermarriages between the European races have always taken place, and that all modern nations are the result of a melting-pot.

The French claim that they have been kept from the mixture of the earliest European races, which were black and yellow, and that the Italians received a good dose of it. Maybe it is merely " the pot calling the kettle black." " There is no use crying over spilt " ink. For better or for worse, the races and nations have broken their appointed boundaries, they are in more or less constant contact one with another, everywhere, and most, here in this New World in which a new race is being made out of many blood strains and through varied influences.

For a long time certain races and nationalities will travel upon their own biological paths and remain true to their pattern. The closely related European races are blending now, overlapping at the edges, and the results do not as yet spell disaster, or shall they, if the national will can be stimulated, so that children shall be born virile enough to carry on the persistent struggle with nature and circumstance, and be trained to have moral ideals to hold them firm against the deteriorating effects of our materialistic civilization; if they inherit from us a faith in the Faith of the Fathers and a courage to live and die for it, so that that faith might not perish from the earth.

If the next and the next generation can thus be furnished with physical energy, moral idealism and a high

and holy faith, we may even overcome the hazards of the melting-pot.

America now has achieved almost complete isolation, by her high tariff wall, her more than half closed gates, and by her refusal to join the League of Nations. America is not to be any more the dumping-ground, refuge, or war ally of Europe. She has chosen to be her sovereign self; but no nation lives to itself or dies to itself, and her influence upon the future of mankind will continue to be a blessing or a curse, as she herself decrees.

II

THE MYTH OF THE GREAT RACE

PRIOR to the Great War the history of the human race seemed to most of us like an electric elevator—rising from primitive depths to the top floor, which was occupied by the United States of America. It could never be caught between floors nor suddenly dropped to the bottom; so great was our faith in progress and so completely had we identified inventions with progress. Those who could drive fastest, shoot furthest, build highest and exploit the most peoples were the most civilized; and it sometimes seems as if the great pity which moves Christian people to send missionaries to the heathen was stirred by their backwardness and not by their badness; was to accelerate their pace, not to keep them from going to perdition. I even suspect that our Protestant protest against the doctrine of purgatory is due to the fact that the Catholic process of salvation is not speedy enough!

The War, of course, has dropped our electric elevator to the bottom—though only sensitive people have felt the jolt—and our great claims to progress have been reduced, until the most discerning claim victory only over those fears which obsessed benighted, primitive man. A rather meagre, modest claim, after we have

eliminated the benefits of our mechanical civilization. However, the shadows of these ancient fears still haunt us—unlucky Friday, the number thirteen and other taboos; our faith in amulets and fortune tellers, all of which attest our ancient bondage. The chains are loosened, but they still fetter us, and we are not as free as we think. Moreover, we have added new fears which the savage escaped, because he read no newspapers and had no college curriculum imposed upon him. We are afraid of lurking microbes in the air, in meat and drink. Are they not the evil spirits, only more numerous, which plagued our less enlightened forefathers? The roaming beasts of the jungle were not half so terrifying as are the ubiquitous automobiles on our roads and streets.

Economics, sociology and biology add new spectres which we try to exercise by such patriotic formulæ as "one hundred per cent Americanism," "Back to the Constitution," etc. Our age is in the grip of these new fears—the old fears not yet sloughed off. Our literature is permeated by them, our politics controlled by them, and our daily conduct governed by them. We have little reason left for the faith which is in us, but a great deal to support our fears, and among them, the one which looms largest, is the biological fear—an old ghost in a new form. Primitive man developed his tribal consciousness by thinking of his neighbours as his inferiors, and race prejudice arose through conflicting desires.

The struggle for a water-hole in the desert, or for hunting-grounds in the wilderness, lifted to supreme

importance the difference in colour or custom, diet or deity; while the taunting words, "unclean, Gentile, circumcised and uncircumcised," flew across widening chasms, narrowing and disappearing in times of mutual danger or the cessation of clashing wills. The shape of the tribal mark, an inch more or less of loin cloth; the fuss and feathers of a head-dress, the difference between Mombo and Bombo, swelled the tribal ego, and gave it excuse for exterminating its economic rivals. Dan Crawford, in his *African Journal,* tells of the Luban in the heart of Africa who strikes his breast Pharisee fashion, thanking his gods that he is not like the despised Bahian, who eats snakes—while he eats dogs and men. He justifies his cannibalism by race pride; for he eats only his inferiors, who thus have the privilege of being assimilated by a superior race.

The Hebrews patented their prejudices with the uncontrovertible "Thus saith Jehovah;" but the prophetic genius of their race struggled against this racial narrowness. It affirmed the superiority of their cult, but not of their colour; of their ethics, but not of the shape of their noses. The Jews had race prejudices, though Judaism had none. It admitted into covenant relationship all those who acknowledged Jehovah as the one God. The Hebrew prophet who said that "Jehovah fashioneth their hearts alike" had a genuine insight into race psychology, and the Deuteronomist who plead for "one law for the home born and for the stranger" sensed the basis for social justice; while Isaiah, who prophesied that "all flesh shall see the

glory of God" proclaimed the spiritual capacity of all races. John the Baptist, the premier of a great epoch, attacked the dogma of race superiority: "And say not within yourselves, we have Abraham for our father, for God can out of these stones raise up children unto Abraham."

In Jesus of Nazareth, this faith is fanned to a burning flame: "Whosoever doeth the will of my Father, the same is my mother, my brother and sister." In Him, mankind meets. He is the Son of God, because He became the son of man. The Apostle Paul liberated the newborn faith when it was in danger of becoming a national or racial creed, and he carried the good tidings of a common God and of a universal Saviour to the western world, which has ever been reluctant to accept the full consequences of its creed.

The Hindus were able not only to make, but to keep their gods in their own image—gods who graded the races and divided them into contamination-proof compartments. The caste system is the fire- and burglar-proof safe for the treasures of biology, and an insurance against the fear of mongrelization. It was left to our own age to justify this ancient fear by the dogma of science. It was first formulated by Gobineau, a French diplomat, who, in the middle of the nineteenth century, wrote a treatise called *The Inequality of Human Races,* in which he maintained that within the white races there is a permanent cleavage, determined by skull measurements and pigmentation. The long-headed, blonde, blue-eyed type is the survivor of the Aryan race, from which all civilizing influences ema-

nate. The broad-headed, darker individuals belong to an inferior race, a slave race, which breeds more freely and endangers the existence of the long-headed Aryans. These differences between races, he says, are deep and permanent. No civilizing influence or economic shift, no educational factors, can increase race values. Civilization, he asserts, may be aped by the inferior people; but a real transfer of culture is possible only through blood infusion. These race mixtures, however, take place at the expense of the superior race, and to the degree that the inferior rises, the superior race is depressed, and when mixtures take place, only the low elements are perpetuated, the higher qualities refusing to be transferred. Gobineau identified the Aryan with the Teutonic race.

The French people never took Gobineau seriously; perhaps because they had least reason to identify themselves with the mythical Aryan race. Moreover, Gobineau pronounced the German people the keepers of the Aryan biological treasure, and the French had no special reason to glorify the Germans. Richard Wagner introduced Gobineau's theory to the German people through his matchless operas, cheering them with the thought that the doom to civilization which Gobineau foretold could be averted by a Germanic "Parsifal."

Houston Chamberlain, an apostate Englishman, rested his monumental work, *The Foundations of the Nineteenth Century,* upon Gobineau's theory, falsifying a good deal of history, and injecting into the not too humble Prussians the thought that not only God,

but also science, was with them; that through Germanic culture and not through "Abraham's seed" the world was to be blessed. The German people swallowed this theory as a whole, and it will take them a long time to recover from the severe case of megalomaniac dyspepsia which it gave them.

In the United States it is Madison Grant's book, *The Passing of a Great Race,* which has made this fear popular. It owes it popularity to the fact that it is written in a style which "he who runs may read," and that it appeals to the growing number of people who believe as implicitly in the dogmas of science as once their fathers believed in the dogmas of religion. It was published at the close of the Great War, when the assimilability of the non-Teutonic races into our national life was being seriously questioned, and that fact added to its popularity.

Mr. Grant's purpose was "to arouse my fellow countrymen to the folly of the melting-pot theory," and he felt gratified that, as a result of its publication, Congress adopted discriminatory measures against the immigration of undesirable people and races. There was, however, another purpose, and in this Mr. Grant and Mr. Lothrop Stoddard, the author of *The Rising Tide of Colour,* show themselves true disciples of Gobineau. The doctrine of the superiority of the Nordic race is used by them as a weapon against the rising tide of democracy, and one suspects that they are not so much afraid of another race dominating the white race, but that it is the spectre of the class struggle which has driven them into the arms of biology. They have

identified Bolshevism with a particular race or races, to make the " damned thing more odious."

The following is a quotation from the introduction to the fourth edition of Mr. Grant's book: " The resurgence of the inferior races and classes is evident in every dispatch from Egypt, Ireland, Poland, Roumania, India and Mexico. It is called nationalism, patriotism, freedom or by other high-sounding words; but it is everywhere the phenomenon of the long suppressed servile classes rising against the master races."

It would seem that the " nigger in the woodpile " is not only the " nigger," but all the exploited classes who rise against the " masters." Rising against their " masters " should not be a sign of inferiority to Mr. Grant, for his forefathers rose against their British oppressors and started a new commonwealth with those high-sounding words, " freedom and patriotism." Perhaps they gave the lesser races a bad example, and freedom and patriotism are safe only for the Nordics!

Unfortunately for this theory of the superiority of a certain race strain, anthropologists generally oppose it. Humboldt said: " There are more teachable, more highly developed, more spiritualized races; but no nobler races." Virchow, Ranke, von Lushan, German scholars who might have been led to different conclusions because they are Nordics, agree with Humboldt. The economist, John Stuart Mill, said: " Of all the mean excuses by which men blind themselves to the fact that social and moral forces influence the spirit of man, none is so mean as that which ascribes the difference in behaviour and character to natural, innate dif-

ferences." The greatest ethnologists of our time, Friedrich Müller and Ratzel, oppose this race theory. The latter sums up his position thus: "There is only one race, whose differences are numerous, but not deep." The psychologist, Wilhelm Wundt, declares: "If there is anything upon which all psychologists agree, it is the fact that all elements of human imagination, all the emotions which influence the imagination, are the same among all people, of all countries and zones." The philosopher Jodel says: "One cannot imagine a more dangerous illusion, one to be fought more decisively, than the one which believes that morality or immorality are inborn heirlooms of a definite race or nation. The moral concepts have a natural colouring, but they represent nevertheless an achievement, and not an inheritance. There are no peoples or nations whose access to the best is denied by nature, even as there are none who have received it as a birthday present into their cradles." The condemnation of this race theory, which has degenerated into race insanity, is directed merely against the assumption that humanity is permanently divided into noble and ignoble races, and "that the citadel of civilization will fall, for want of defenders," when the blonds are outbred by the brunettes and survive only by the liberal application of peroxide.

Nor is it easy to prove, as the race theorists assert, that the ancient races, the Roman and the Greek, fell from their high estates because of the intermarriage of the superior blonds with the inferior brunettes. It is undoubtedly true that such marriages took place, but

it is impossible to account for the moral and political decay of the classic period by this so-called mongrelization. It is true that foreign influences furthered the general decay. All sorts of people poured into Rome, even as today they pour into Paris, New York and London. Great cities are usually international vice exhibits, but when the future historian writes of the "Rise and Fall of the United States," will he be justified in saying that we were ruined by habit-forming drugs, because of intermarriage with the Chinese? Or that we were dragged to the level of jazz in our dancing, because white and black mated? Or that we were rotted by moonshine and home-brew, because Nordics married the Mediterraneans?

Rome's worst Cæsars, the real beasts in human form, were Romans. Tiberius, Caligula, Nero, Domitian, were the pure descendants of the Julian imperial family whose founder was the great Cæsar himself. On the other hand, the so-called foreign Cæsars, who were born in the provinces, and had inferior blood strains in their veins, are counted among the best of the rulers of Rome. With Trajan, Hadrian, Antoninus Pius and Marcus Aurelius, the empire rose to its greatest height, and Gibbon claims that it was the happiest time which humanity has ever experienced. These so-called foreigners raised the passion for Rome to the highest level, just because they were outsiders; because they had been in constant contact with rude barbarians, and knew the value of Roman civilization. With them it was more than an inborn instinct or racial inheritance; it was a new birth, a holy flame. Under them the arms

of Rome were crowned with victory, a hundred years of peace followed, and the development of art and literature never reached a higher level. Later, the tottering empire was maintained by Cæsars of lower breeding and foreign blood. Coarse, courageous, superstitious, but full of the vigour which the Roman lacked, they did more for the perpetuity of the empire than many a genuine Roman.

Diocletian, whom Houston Chamberlain calls an "Ilyrian shepherd," was a freed slave, and he gave to the twilight of Rome's history a brilliant afterglow. The glory of Rome was not due to any particular race virtue of the Romans, and its passing was not due to the dilution of the Roman blood. "The Romans were one of the few peoples," says the great historian Mommsen, "who did not have to enslave or oppress older or lower races. If there was an aboriginal element in the territory they originally occupied, it was either driven out or assimilated. The inhabitants were equals, there was no ruling and no enslaved class, and no foreign traders, who sapped the land of its wealth, leaving behind them the trail of the traders' degradation."

The Roman was a farmer; he earned his bread by the sweat of his brow, and rarely by the sweat of the hired man's brow. He developed into a hardy, narrow-minded, but powerful peasant race, which could march and fight, but could also sow and reap. Only the American pioneer can be likened to these fighting Romans, whose plow conquered the land, and who held it by the sword. "What is won by war may be lost by

war," says Mommsen. "But not the conquest made by the plow. If the Romans lost many battles, but rarely gave up Roman territory, it was due to the tenaciousness with which the Roman farmers clung to the soil."

The fact is, that the highest development of Rome and the social uplift of the farmers came at the same time. Rome gave the world the first example of the amazing energy which rests in free and dignified labour. Gradually slavery appeared, the inheritors of the soil learned to despise labour with their own hands, the prisoners of war became the hewers of wood and the drawers of water; the farmer became the landowner, a knight, and his children became nobles because they did not have to work. Arrogance, the decline of physical vigour, increasing military taxes—which crushed the little man but which the greater could more or less escape—and a capitalism which exploited the provincials, dominated, controlled and ruled—these were the growing shadows cast over vigorous Rome.

The peril of today is hardly "The Passing of a Great Race"—the passing of an aristocratic group which at will may exploit the so-called lesser races and classes; but it is "The Passing of a Great Faith"—the faith which always opposes this fear—ever since men saw the greater purpose of God and knew that He played no favourites. The biological fear proposes no remedy, except that the blondes must outbreed the brunettes or hold them under if they cannot outbreed them. If these are the remedies, then, of course, the great race is doomed. Unfortunately, the families of "Great

Race" parentage are not being increased; a bad example, which, by the way, "the lesser breeds" are following as soon as they achieve a certain social status. The masses—long heads and broad heads—are "out of hand," and "all the king's horses and all the king's men cannot put" the old order "together again."

Against this unrelievable pessimism we must recover a challenging faith. Nature has not laid all her best eggs into Nordic baskets; civilization is not measured by the cephalic index alone; democracy is not degradation, and mongrelization within limits is not doom. I believe in race because I believe in heredity, though the two are not necessarily identical. I believe in the fine strain of folks who came with their sublime faith to the rockbound coast of New England; but I do not believe that the courage with which they faced the odds of the New England winters, the strength with which they drove the stakes of homestead, church and school into the new and reluctant soil, will pass from America when the last drop of New England blood blends with that of Celt, Latin, Slav or Semite.

The weakening vigour of the New England strain, where it is still undiluted, is due to many causes: To the call of the west, which drew the strong and left the more contented and the weak; to the softening influence of unearned wealth, which was left to squandering heirs; to the lack of courage in challenging faith, which called for self-sacrifice, and condemned self-indulgence. The best of New England was easily among the best which came to the New World, but it was not the only good, and what others brought was not the only ill.

There was enough of the "Old Adam," even in the Mayflower, to have wrecked the new enterprise, if it had been left altogether to biology. There was as much of animal nature in that historic ship as there was in Noah's floating refuge. It was biology and religion which made the Pilgrims worthy forefathers of a rather prodigal progeny. Their struggle against the inherited animal, against their brute instinct, was never complete. Their descendants have no reason to be proud of all their inheritance; for there are many dark spots upon the rather bright escutcheon. Even the purest of the Mayflower descendants of the most approved Nordic type should not waste their strength in developing new points of friction, by going about with tense faces and knit brows, measuring the length and breadth of skulls, or the plus and minus of pigment.

All the white race needs to keep its blood uncontaminated by the blood of lesser strains, is more virtue, more gallantry toward women, no matter what their race. What it suffers today, in diminution of strength and virtue, it owes to its own sins, and not to the sins of its inferiors. To maintain itself as master, it must become the teacher. It can save itself even in the blackest of the black belt, by being white, pure white, with Christ's whiteness.

I believe in the new race being born of many blood strains; it is being begotten in pain, it will be born in agony, and what its features and grace will be, is still in the realm of prophecy.

III

RACE AND CULTURE

DEAN INGE, in one of his thought-provoking essays, calls attention to the fact that the modern man is not interested in his survival after death. If this is true, and it may be, it is due to the fact that the modern man is so intensely interested in the business of living comfortably or luxuriously here upon the earth that he has no time to think of the hereafter; or perhaps he is so wearied by this life that he thinks rest more desirable than resurrection. It is also possible that now, with flying machines at his disposal he does not care to become an angel, and heaven as pictured in the Bible, without modern conveniences, is not sufficiently attractive.

There is no doubt that modern civilization, with the material ends it seeks, has made man cynical and skeptical about the future life to be lived on a purely spiritual plane.

Dean Inge may be right. The desire for personal immortality may be waning, but the passion for national or racial survival is still so strong that countless men have given their lives to assure it, and millions are still ready to be blotted out that the nation may live.

Those who stimulate our fears about the weakening of American intellectual, physical and moral vigour,

and the resultant national catastrophe, prove to their own satisfaction at least, that the classic races declined because the melting-pot around the Mediterranean was not kept free from the lesser races. This appeal to biology may have its worth, but the modern nations do not, or can not heed it, for without any exception they have repeated or are repeating the mistake of their predecessors and are stressing culture rather than cromozones.

The French are not a race, or as a people, of equal biological worth. Not only is the national beginning made by widely divergent races—returning soldiers brought alien wives, and invading armies made their biological contributions; for they not only killed but they made alive, and the children born during the World War in the French war zone will be sort of a combined living flag of the Allies, of many races and colours.

A stream of immigration of the so-called lesser races, poured into France at the close of the War and was welcomed without the application of intelligence tests or examination of their family trees. France has survived because it was fused by a common, turbulent history and by a vital, national culture. The magnet which still draws the millions as well as the millionaires to France is the attractiveness of her culture; though France is the most careless of all nations about race, and Americans with their colour prejudice are offended by her guarding the social as well as the political rights of all her citizens, regardless of colour.

The Germans are not a race. Only the minority is of

Teutonic origin, the rest are Slavs, Latins and Kelts. Tribal division survived in various separate political units, until the Franco-Prussian War, and dialectic divisions have remained to this day. There was a cultural German empire before there was a political one.

Luther's translation of the Bible was a greater unifying force than Frederick the Great's military genius.

The poets, Walter Von Der Vogelheide, Gœthe, Schiller; the philosophers, Kant, Schlegel, Fichte and Hegel, preceded and excelled Bismarck the statesman and Moltke the general in the making of the nation. German songs kept the nation together when the sword of the conqueror threatened to hew it asunder, and German "*Kultur*," not German "blood and iron," saved the nation after the debacle of the Great War.

The Austro-Hungarian monarchy, that ill-begotten political family, was ready to fall apart before the surgeons at the operating table at Versailles dissected it. There was no common blood, but what was worse, there was no common national culture. The dominant nationalities insisted upon the supreme value of their own culture and tried to feed it to the others, not with a spoon, but at the point of the bayonet.

The English are not a race; they are fragments of Angles, Saxons, Danes and older races such as the Picts and Celts who have given the resultant English culture the wit and the imagination which save it from dullness.

"Blood is thicker than water," but culture is thicker than blood. The modern nation's strength and assur-

ance of survival lie in the culture it produces. The Czechs survived the Hapsburgs' stupid rule, and constant, irritating persecution by the State, by virtue of their cultural strength, whose foundation was laid by John Huss, and it was cultural vigour rather than political power which made the New Republic possible.

President Masaryk repudiated the attempt to glorify the past of the Czechs by mythical, racial beginnings. He traced its beginnings to culture, a religio-national culture. The Czechs are biologically the result of a melting-pot, and much of the new human material which they have inherited because of the Peace of Versailles, may be biologically inferior; but a wise dissemination of its culture assures the unity if not the perpetuity of the Republic.

The Italians, commonly regarded by American race theorists as inferior, which they prove by the intelligence test, suddenly develop remarkable vigour through national culture as applied drastically by the Fascist régime. The modern nation, then, is not a biological but a cultural, let us say, a spiritual unit.

It is such a unit which is being created in the United States, and while the task is a difficult one and its completion far off, it is not hopeless. The United States is already a safer and more unified political institution than many countries which have achieved a more cultural unification. It has no Alsace problems, no language conflicts, no political parties, as yet, divided by religion or race. Socialists and Communists are not even a respectable, and certainly not a respected, third and fourth party. It has no economic problems, but

those most disadvantageously affected by them are not in any fixed way class conscious in the Marxian sense; for in the United States nearly everybody is as yet a capitalist, or a potential one. Those who have children hope for their escape into the " white collar " class. That this class consciousness is growing, there is no doubt, and the illiteracy of " Big Business " which cannot read the signs of the times, may contribute to its growth.

The agricultural problem has become acute, but American farmers are radicals only until the price of wheat goes up. An Agrarian political party is a far-off contingency, the embryo of which exists; but superior feeding as in some insect species, will change its sex or, rather, its political complexion. The nation can be unified for fighting purposes at the drop of the hat. On the whole, the political ark containing the sacred Constitution, guarded by the Urim and Thummim (Law and Order) is as safe in the United States as its precursor, the Ark of the Covenant, was in the Land of Canaan.

Among native Americans there is, however, a great deal of cynicism when they hear the repetitions of political platitudes, and among the foreign-born a sense of bewilderment which grows into resentment. A national culture develops under the inspiration of great leaders, and not under the coercion of laws or slogans. In the great leader the cultural forces are focussed as in a searchlight; not glowering as in a danger signal.

Abraham Lincoln's Gettysburg address, a sponta-

neous expression of his American spirit, is of more cultural value than all the pamphlets and books published by all the patriotic societies.

Roosevelt's dynamic personality, his sense of fair play and his capacity to give himself to all sorts of people and to draw the best out of them, was more effective for the growth of the American cultural spirit than his brandishing of the " big stick " and his unfortunate taunting of " Hyphenated Americans." There is more value for this purpose in reading the poetry of neglected or derided Longfellow, Lowell and Whittier, or the more acceptable Walt Whitman than in reciting the Constitution backwards and forwards under the compulsion of a school curriculum.

Katherine Lee Bates' " America, the Beautiful," is more potent for America's cultural growth and unification than the " Star-Spangled Banner," with its chauvinistic trumpeting in which every one must join, standing.

Through what language America's common culture is to be conveyed, has long ago been determined; but the complete passing of the foreign language press and schools will only be delayed by hampering laws which advocate their suppression, so often proposed by fervid patriots. While culture cannot be enforced it also cannot be manufactured to order; it must grow, and for that, time is needed, and by time is meant leisure as well as the passing of years, and leisure is not only shorter hours of labour but longer hours of spiritual or cultural effort.

Our efficient hustling, our nervous pulling down and

building again; our feverish watching of the stock market, our jazzing and golfing will not create a culture; certainly not a worthy one.

The process of cultural growth will be slow, of course, due to the variety of our racial elements, but this handicap can be overcome. Race is no barrier to it, though inferior or rather unworthy race characteristics may be; but what is unworthy and what is inferior in a racial group we do not know in spite of our biological dogmas.

It is true that the newer American race strains and some of the older ones lead back to humble origins—to peasantry and even to slavery. The background of the later immigrants is not too reassuring, but they had little to do with its making; they are not even making their foreground, we are making it or have made it for them.

The so-called superior, ruling classes have made and wrecked their kingdoms and empires. They drained the villages of vital men, and starved the women and children, mortgaging the health and happiness of many generations. The peasants were merely pawns in the game of chess, and winning or losing was not of their willing. They were not the dregs of the race, though they were at the bottom. The healthiest part of Europe's population was the peasantry. All the royal princelings nursed at the breasts of peasant women, and many a rotten branch of a noble house was made fruitful again by being grafted upon peasant stock.

The mental tests which have been made among drafted men of foreign birth may or may not be con-

clusive; but dullness is not dumbness. The peasant mind is sluggish and unstimulated; but the values may be there, and only await the proper environment to develop them. A Burbank in culture is now more important than a Burbank in agriculture.

Exhausting labour in industry, poor food, unbalanced rations, the grip of superstition, "the iron shirt of custom," fear and other terrors, are the hard crust concealing fine material.

In European armies, it was found that the dull peasant mind grew brighter under the more stirring experiences of barrack life. In the villages the awakened peasant was the one who had military experience. Bettered economic conditions lifted the level of intelligence among the peasants of many European countries. It was fallow soil which responded to the touch of plow and harrow. The immigrant returned from America is sometimes a good example of what a new environment may do to both mind and manners. The margin of crime and dependency chalked up against the immigrant by statisticians is not free from prejudices, even though it is marked in figures; for the environmental factors are usually underestimated.

The immigrant's work is often hazardous to life and limb, families are unprotected when the bread-winner is ill or dies; living conditions are bad, and the city streets are not wholesome for the nation's youth. The breaking down of parental authority, the disintegration of the family, the weakened influence of religion—all of these are factors difficult to array against the cold statistics.

In the Old World, environmental effects can be more easily studied, because the conditions are more or less static. For instance, in a certain village in Slovakia, theft and robbery were common; but so was poverty. The land was owned by an aristocracy and the peasants were field workers. When they emigrated to the United States, and returned with their hard-earned savings, the estates, which had been broken up for want of field workers, were bought by these returned immigrants, and the crime against property ceased.

In another village the women were prostitutes, the fine restraint which is usual among Slav women being broken down by soldiers who were quartered in the peasant homes, and when permanent barracks were built, the moral deficiency became permanent.

Two hours' walking distance from this place, Puritan virtues prevail, and their source is the influence of Hussite refugees who came there from Bohemia centuries ago.

The difference between Czechs and Slovaks in mental refinement, alertness and capacity for business and government, is purely environmental.

The immigrant represents both good and bad cultural material. Some of it is cement, some of it sand and some of it just dirt; some of it will fit into our cultural mould and some of it will not; the environment being fire through which the material has to pass and be tried. Race is important. It is true that the history of this continent would have been different, if the French had remained masters of it from the Heights of Abraham to the Gulf of Mexico; but where these

French were Huguenots, middle class folk, well-bred burghers, who went out with a protest, rather than peasants who were colonizing *en masse,* the variation is not noticeable.

It was fortunate that the Pilgrims and Puritans found free land, for only so did they find freedom. Had they been serfs, or renters, had they held the land by grace of a landed aristocracy, they might never have been able to sing, " My Country, 'Tis of Thee, Sweet Land of Liberty." Even they would have written a different tale for posterity to read, had they come to an enervating climate, or had the land been held by an entrenched master class or the wide prairies had not opened to them when New England became crowded.

One cannot change one's race like a garment. A Negro is not a white man because he wears breeches instead of a loin cloth; yet a Negro who has lived with the English in the West Indies is quite another Negro from the one who was left behind on the west coast of Africa. He, in turn, differs from the Negro whom fate threw into the hands of Yankee slave traders, and who is the product not only of slavery, but also of the present maladjustment between the two races; for it is easier to take people out of slavery than it is to take the slave masters out of the people.

The Jew does not become an Anglo-Saxon because he changes his name from Rosenbaum to Robinson, or because he speaks English rather than Yiddish; yet the Jew from the Ghetto, who moves to a small town in Oklahoma, returns to his people a stranger; and in

his children these changes will be more than an attitude toward costumes or customs; they will be a change in culture.

The narrow-chested, often narrow-minded Jew from the Polish Ghetto, is undoubtedly the Jew who moved from Germany to the more hospitable Slavic country; but at a glance the difference between the German and Polish Jew may be told, even after the latter shears his ringlets and discards his *caftan*.

The so-called Spaniole Jew, the aristocrat of Jewry, shows the influence of his Castilian sojourn, even after centuries of depressing environment in the Levant.

Environment has not transformed the Jew, but it has changed him. The power of environment is limited by the capacity of adjustment on the part of the individual. The more completely the individual is adjusted to one environment, the more difficult it is for him to adjust himself to a new one. The individual is like a marble block; the less formed it is, the more chance the artist has to shape the image he has conceived. The Jews adjust themselves easily in one sense, for they have been wanderers on the face of the earth for two thousand years, but their Hebraic culture holds them in a mould. The new environment has to be vital enough to break that hard crust.

Zangwill's melting-pot theory has been assailed, and the melting-pot may not melt; but that may be due to the fact that the fire is not steady enough, and not because divergent people cannot be fused into a cultural unit. We are hot and cold by turns, we grow hysterical

about Americanization and then grow calm. We overdo, we sear and burn; or we let the fires go down, and the pot grows cold.

Americanism is a dogmatic religion without real religion. It is formulated by economic councils, manufacturers associations or labour unions, and changes with our economic desires. Labour unions are now American, now un-American. Sabotage is American if practised by tobacco growers, or the Ku Klux Klan; but un-American if practised by the I. W. W.

What is American? What is un-American? What is the American mould into which we wish to cast this foreign material? The varied blood strains are here—good, bad and indifferent. The doors at Ellis Island are all but closed, whatever damage has been done is done, and was of our own doing. Our forefathers started the difficulty by coming to a Red Man's country and stepping ruthlessly into a Red Man's culture. They had too much religion to exterminate him, and too little not to exploit him.

They brought salvation to the Red Man, but they also brought him syphilis, smallpox and the only " Three R's " which affected the Indian seriously, viz.: Rum, Rifles and Real Estate Agents.

Because of this, the aboriginal American has remained the real alien—alien to our speech, our religion and most of all to our hoeing and hoarding, the basic virtues of our civilization.

Our forefathers increased the difficulty by importing black men and women, further removed from them in

race scale than the Indian, but nearer to them in civilization. They could hoe, and they are slowly learning to hoard.

Moreover, from the beginning, the white race strains were varied.

"Every once in a while," says John Palmer Gavit, in his *Americans by Choice* (page 198), "someone arises with ashes upon his head, and bemoans the threatened disappearance of what he is pleased to call, the American Type. He never describes it, it is difficult to learn what is meant by that phrase. This is not strange, for there is no such thing, if racial type is meant. There never has been any such thing.

"Perhaps we might know what the expression might mean in New England: a combination of English, Scotch or Welsh, who in turn would be bred of Dane, Pict and Saxon, Norman and Kelt, with perhaps a strain of French or maybe Dutch.

"In Pennsylvania it would likely be English Quaker or Plattdeutsch. The French-Spanish combination in the Gulf region, the Scandinavian or German in the Middle West, and Southern California, and so on. All are 'American' by a title as good as that of those who trace their descent from the Pilgrim Fathers."

Whether Mr. Gavit is right or not, the fact is, that we are already a mixture, a hodge-podge, if you please: mongrels, many of us—as yet virile, vital and still very much alive.

Perhaps we shall develop a national eugenics, and law will regulate our mating more than it does; or a caste system will stratify us and save us from the doom

pronounced by biology. But a nation is more than Anthropology or Antropometrics or a biological formula; it is an Ethnos, a soul, the result of a culture.

Such a soul may be born here, it must be born by grace, it cannot be born of race. The body is hopelessly mixed and is being daily more mongrelized. The biological mass must not degenerate into a cultural mess; but the nation must rise above the mass like a shepherd above the flock with a guiding crook, not like a policeman with a club—and must create a culture in which the soul of man will be of supreme value, in which personality and not property will be the measure of achievement; which will graft all the religious cultures and racial inheritances into unity and not press for uniformity.

The basis for such a culture exists in America. Most of it is still only in the public schools, it has hardly reached our churches and colleges, or our universities. It exists in the hearts and minds of good men and women; teachers, preachers, settlement workers, poets and writers. " May their tribe increase," and may the tribe of the pseudo-scientists, biological predeterminists, one hundred per cent Americans, Ku Klux Klanners decrease; for then we shall grow into a common, cultural life upon the basis of our rich inheritance and our national capacity for cultural growth.

IV

IS AMERICA GROWING OLD?

BOERNE, a German satirist, and a contemporary of the better known poet Heine, said that a diplomat must be able to speak three languages: "*Nichts sprechen, luegen sprechen und Franzoesich.*"

Nichts sprechen does not mean that the diplomat must keep his mouth shut. On the contrary, he must be able to speak eloquently but say nothing.

He must also be able to lie valiantly for his country, according to the genius of his race in that particular direction—crudely if he is Russian, suavely if he is a Frenchman, carefully if he is English, stupidly if he is German, and if he is an American he must talk about ideals.

The diplomat must be able to speak French because in that most perfect of the European tongues, one can say disagreeable things in a pleasant way. That most unpleasant of diseases, seasickness, which the Germans call in all its *Schrecklichkeit*, "*Seekrankheit*," the French call "*Mal de mer*," which sounds as agreeable as pie à la mode.

There is, however, a more terrible disease which sounds equally pleasant in French, and affects those whose systems have become adjusted to the moods of

the sea, as well as those who are victims of *mal de mer*. The Germans call it "*Weltschmerz*," the French, "*Mal de Monde*," world-sickness.

Americans, being a young race and optimistic, have as yet no name for it. The nearest to it is a "broken heart," and when this "broken heart" becomes epidemic, philosophers, poets, dramatists, preachers and historians are said to suffer from *Mal de Monde*, and they infect more or less, the few who think and the many who just read.

The thoughtful become introspective, the thoughtless become reckless, youth commits suicide, the moral code is disregarded.

This *Mal de Monde* has become so contagious that it is reflected in all literature, the *Zeitgeist* has become the *Weltgeist*.

The motif of all creative writing is the same; the beginning confusion, and the end tragedy. Marriage is no more between two people, but at least three; on the stage and in the movies this is turned into comedy to provide laughter for the shallow-minded.

That Western civilization is sick, others besides Spengler have discovered. Historians of many schools predict for it a death less classic and more tragic than that of Assyria, Athens or Rome. Moth and rust will fret and corrode the printed pages, and the skyscrapers, and modern science as well as modern society are so full of explosives that civilization may blow up, rather than decay.

Teachers of biology are preparing for the post-mortem; they will say that death was due to the

unguarded protoplasm which strayed and was mongrelized among the lesser breeds.

The prophets of doom not only include the United States in this death, but they accuse it of hastening the end. America has Fordized and Taylorized its civilization; it has lost its sense of direction by being speeded up, and it has given up its ghost by being standardized and over-organized.

In the United States this pessimism is expressed by a group of young literati who, having grown old while they are still young, believe that the whole nation is at the eve of senility.

There is also a school of pseudo-scientists who have come into prominence by way of the lecture platform. They have brought the Ten Commandments from their smoke-filled studys, and have publicly broken them in their despair; not because the American people have made themselves a golden calf, but because the calf was not one hundred per cent Nordic.

While there are undoubted symptoms of America's coming of age, she is still young as compared with the nations of Europe. She is a Joseph among his brethren; a little uppish at times, a dreamer of dreams, but an excellent financier, and not ungenerous toward his brethren, whose bags he fills with grain and gold in time of war or famine; though just now those same nations call him " Shylock " instead of Joseph.

The very soil in America is still young; crops luxurious, giant trees, " Great Big potatoes," voluptuous ears of corn, and much of the soil still virgin.

The climate is erratic, changeable and undecided,

cyclonic and full of kinetic energy; a good tonic for the older races which have come here for their renewal. The nation is young politically, a little over one hundred and fifty years old, and while there are younger nations in Europe, some of them so young that we have not as yet learned to pronounce their names, they are composed of fragments of older nations; patched wine-skins, many of the patches ready to tear loose whenever the political wine ferments.

America is made of new cloth, shoddy some of it, some of it showing its original colour which will not come out in the wash. These coloured patches are woven into the national life, they have stood the test of the strain of wars, though they seem weakened and worn in times of peace.

Yes, America is young, young wine in new skins; younger than Mussolini's Italy, which is an old body with high blood pressure; younger than Czecho-slovakia, a new nation with an old history.

America is not only young but biologically incomplete. What she will be like when the period of gestation is over is one of nature's secrets. The science of eugenics was discovered too late to predetermine the result.

Then, too, the doctors disagree upon such essential questions as the relative value of heredity and environment, the characteristics of race, the mechanics of education.

America is also young and incompleted culturally. Its beginnings were imposing: an old cultural base, the Old Testament modified by the New, more so by Prot-

estantism and Anglo-Saxonism, the latter a product of many European cultures, developed through brilliant centuries of European history on English soil.

It is this culture which the prophets of doom and those who believe in its doom, see endangered, facing as it does not only Jewish, Roman Catholic and various racial and national cultures, but recently, those imported, coming up from strange blood strains and traditions; swinging the centre of gravity from the well established to the unstable, from the restrained toward the sensuous; from Americanism to a hybrid cosmopolitanism.

Those who know America well, realize that moral restraints have been broken, and that religion does not inspire or restrain as it once did; that our literature is contaminated by *Mal de Monde,* that the female form in the flesh and in art is less clothed than it used to be.

It is the fashion now to blame the all-inclusive foreigner for these ills which have fallen upon American life and culture. However, our young warriors of Venus are predominantly American, while the immigrant, although not without the social vices, has not often glorified them in books or daubed them upon canvas.

The art of Sherwood Anderson, Edgar Lee Masters, Theodore Dreiser or Carl Van Vechten is not contaminated by their having come over in the steerage, and they have written boldly and baldly, not because the sons and daughters of the steerage demanded this freedom or because they mark the sudden stepping out of our restrained youth into the " hard-boiled " period, or

because they reflect the revolt of youth against sex restraint.

Normal youth is restrained in the matter of sex, with or without the aid of Puritanism. Sex is a dawning secret, and the normal youth is uncommunicative about this secret of life. The sex revolt is not a revolt of youth. Youth does not revolt against decency. In fact, in Europe, the Youth Movement is in part a revolt against the dominance of sex in art, literature and conversation.

In the United States, the revolt against sex restraint is led by those who have lost their youth, and think that the semblance of it can be regained by an abandonment to their passions. They are the jaded, who seek new sensations. The original flapper was a grandmother who, no doubt, had been often married and divorced. She began wearing short skirts, enamelling her face, painting her lips and plucking her eyebrows to look like her grandchildren, who in turn are imitating her even when they discuss sex freely, and debate about birth control. Youth wants to look like its elders and act like them, and when that means long skirts and poke bonnets, it will wear long skirts and poke bonnets.

The literature whose main theme is sex, is un-American merely because it is unnatural, an over-exposed picture of our social life. It is on the whole untrue; because sex is not the main theme of life anywhere. It is but one of its themes. When it completely fills the scene it is as unusual and abnormal as the brothel.

Adam and Eve, who led the revolt of youth, ate of all the trees, and but once of the forbidden fruit. When

they saw that they were naked they were ashamed and made themselves aprons. They did not glory in their nakedness, or divorce each other, or write a sex novel. They went out to till the soil, subdue it, and so released their complex, which is a new way of saying that they "worked out their salvation in fear and trembling."

We have been struck by a wave of sensualism which has come to us from the older world and not from the new generation. It came to us more in the cabin trunks of American tourists than in the moral and mental baggage of the immigrant. The great harlot Babylon is having her fling and she is having the time of her life with jazz, the movies and the Freudian complex. The immigrant has but little share in her merriment. He is raw but not rotten; crude but not loose; his standards for the married life are usually high and his family ties are strong. There are, of course, many exceptions; but on the whole the immigrant is young, life is naturally sweet to him and not artificial and sensually odoured.

The infusion of peasant blood into our new racial body ought to keep it young; for the peasant is neither the froth nor the dregs of society, he is the undeveloped raw material. His corpuscles are red, not blue, his nerves are unracked by excesses, his mind is fallow and not exhausted. It is possible that too much of the peasant strain may lower the present level of our intelligence, but not the vigour of our bodies, and where there is life there is hope even for mental development; we are still young in spite of the immigrant or because of him.

Perhaps our youth is attested by the fact that we are

also vigorous at play. Our immigrant population from the older races has been renewed by baseball and kindred sports. Toney and Ikey at the bat get the needed Spring tonic for sluggish blood. The Jewish people have lost a thousand years by moving from the Eastern Ghettos to New York's East Side.

Professor Boaz claims that the skulls of the immigrants change under the pressure of the new environment. This may be true and may not be important if true; but chest expansion, hardening of soft muscles, and keener and clearer vision, are so real that they do not need delicate instruments to measure the change.

Even where the conditions are most drab, there has been more of the joy of living; more leisure and wise direction in its use are good youth insurance for the New Race.

However, our youth is tested most by the vigour of our idealism. The older nations laugh at us because we measure things by size and numbers. That is because we are young and growing. Old people never say: "Look! See how tall I am!" Or, "See, I can walk!" Or, "Look! What a great snowball I have rolled!" We are young and achieving and we measure our growth by things. Slowly but surely we are finding our way through these things to real values; through use to beauty, even through wealth to service.

We are beginning to realize that growth for a race is not only in numbers but in quality: for the individual, from the animal to God; for society, from the State to the Kingdom of Heaven, and from the mob to brotherhood.

Those who came from the old and bitter corners of the earth, shared the faith in the cultural ideals of the young race of which they became a part. They became young again in faith, hope and charity. They again believed in the goodness of humanity and in some goal toward which the race was travelling. They believed that America was the climax of history to which the whole human race could be lifted. America ceased to be a geographic term and became a spiritual aspiration; not a boarding house, but a family of the children of God.

Yet now America is feeling the pressure of age. We are back again in an old world, and not in the new. The same fears which obsessed Europe are rife in America. Anti-Semitism, anti-Catholicism, and the Nordic phobia are imported, not native; they are a sign of age, not of youth.

It is not only a battle of blood against blood, but of faith against faith, all of them springing from the same need and from the same source; though they manifest themselves as distinct cultures.

There are conflicts which separate them and there are contacts which unite them. There are certain tendencies in all these cultures, which make them dangerous to the unity of the nation. It is necessary to face these tendencies with an open mind, and that is not easy, for the mind has a way of snapping shut, when religion and politics are under discussion.

The task ahead is to bring these religious cultures into such sympathetic understanding that they shall see each others strength and their own weaknesses; and

also into such an understanding of American culture that they shall see its solid and worthy foundations and build on it a lofty structure which will be no less but more unified, if noble Jews, consecrated Roman Catholics and devoted and practical Protestants build it together.

The cure for this *Mal de Monde,* which is all too close to America and which no quarantine station can exclude, lies, not in mutual recrimination or in mutual admiration; but in an annual health examination, which might have been useful just before the recent political campaign, into which the religious issue was injected.

Let me repeat, America is still young; though it will grow old, of course. Youth is no virtue unless one stays young when old, and old age is not a crime unless one grows old while still young, and the latter is our danger; for when a nation dies young it leaves nothing worthily finished, and America has too glorious a cultural future to become senile in this jazz period, which would mark so unworthily the possibilities of its genius.

V

THE ROOTS OF AMERICAN CULTURE

SOME years ago a book was published in this country under the title, *Civilization in the United States.*

It was a collaboration of young intellectuals who evidently had as their pattern that mythical volume on *Snakes in Ireland* which proved with true Celtic ardour and erudition that there are no snakes in Ireland.

Only two, the foreign-born among these collaborators sensed certain peculiar values in American life, which rose out of the not too distant past and which were worthy to be appraised as civilization.

After a lapse of but a few years since the publication of this book, American civilization has articulated itself so clearly and powerfully that thoughtless men hail it as the harbinger of the millennium, and thoughtful men believe that it will help to overthrow the whole of western civilization.

A German philosopher, Count Keyserling, who has written a fascinating and perplexing diary of his round-the-world probings of the human spirit, has in a newer volume, called the type of man produced by this civilization—the " Chauffeur Type;" and he believes that it has gained over the complex cultural types because it is simple, primitive, brutal and external.

The engineer who is the oldest child of steam and electricity approached in his position the cultural type. He was the high priest of the railroad. He and the fireman alone were privileged to enter the holy of holies, and drive upon the highway consecrated to commerce.

The locomotive still held mystery concealed beneath its steel jacket. The chauffeur, who is a product of the gasoline motor belongs to no craft or trade, he holds no privileged position. The automobile is more common now than a wheelbarrow, and women, children and even morons can drive it.

This chauffeur type acts alike everywhere, even if it does not look alike. It is so easily created that a Nubian peasant who has driven nothing but water-oxen all his life may become a chauffeur in three weeks; in less than no time a Basque shepherd, who has fingered his primitive flute with difficulty, learns how to tune in on the radio and listen enraptured to jazz as it comes to him riding on the polluted sound waves from Barcelona or Paris.

All other types have been subordinated to this chauffeur type which now runs not only automobiles but schools, churches, big business and governments.

The teacher, preacher, the poet and philosopher are of little value unless they help to produce chauffeurs. The new science of psychology has come into such favour because it has reduced the human being to a mechanism and teaches men how to run it so that it will overcome sales resistance. The chauffeur is the symbol of efficiency, and American civilization has made effi-

ciency its God, turning the heart of the world to its idol. Not only is the chauffeur type destroying all other types (according to Keyserling), but it will destroy all older cultures.

There is then a difference, if not enmity, between civilization and culture, regardless of the lexicographers. In the root-meaning of civilization, one senses the outward, the socially agreeable, the commercially efficient; that which makes life easier, though not necessarily beautiful, which prolongs life without deepening it.

Civilization is subject to modes, it changes frequently, and may become useless in another environment; though it is cherished for a while in the treasure-chest of the colonist and in the scant baggage of the immigrant.

Culture, on the other hand, suggests depth, intensity, the inward, sometimes the invisible; not speed, but sense of direction; not comfort of the body, but pleasures of the mind, not soap but purity; not electric light but illumination. It is more lasting than civilization, for it springs not only from the soil of the land, but from the soul of a people.

While civilization is easily transportable, its limits are few or are set by environment. Refrigerators are not adaptable to the needs of the Eskimos, plumbing is not of much use in the desert; the automobile cannot successfully fight the African jungle, and the chauffeur type degenerates at the Equator; for efficiency is not a God which can safely be worshipped in the climate of Central Africa.

Culture is less dependent upon environment, and is therefore by its nature, more universal. The Occidental cannot or cares not to live as the Chinese do, but he can admire, as well as the richest Mandarin, the beauty of its jade. He does not care to learn to read and write in picture puzzles, but he can appreciate the delicacy of the brush stroke and the exquisiteness of the old Chinese painting.

The civilization of the Hebrews, born in the desert and modified by political fortunes, is of no use to the Gentile; though Hebrew culture is the soul of his religion—if he has any.

It would be difficult to find traces of Athenian civilization in the Greece of today; but Greek culture has no yesterday or tomorrow. It is living, and if not in just such glory as in Athens at the time of Pericles, it is more universally admired.

On the other hand, Indian civilization persists on this continent in spite of the ruthlessness of the white man—for it is prairie-born, and every "red-blooded" American boy at one time or another goes on the war-path, lights his fire by friction and eats "hot-dogs" savoured with ashes and cinders. Once a year father and mother revert to the Indian type; they flee from telephones, overstuffed furniture, plumbing and pneumatic sweepers—saddle the trusty car—and roam all over the land, nomads on the gasoline highway.

There is a modern American civilization—strident and triumphant, in conflict with all culture; that of the red man which he found here and that of the white man which he brought here. Civilization grew out of the

earth, out of its furrows and out of its deeps; out of the rivers, the lakes and the seas. The fishermen, hunters, lumbermen, ranchers, miners; pioneers, inventors, investors, builders, journalists, advertisers, quacks of all sorts, made it, changed it, wrecked and renewed it; and they are still busily engaged in making and remaking civilization and drawing dividends therefrom.

American culture has its roots in the soul of the American people, in their political, religious and intellectual strivings. The preacher, the schoolmaster, the poet, the philosopher, the statesman were its progenitors, and are its confused and anxious guardians. Not only are they anxious about its future, they are puzzled about its priority, for civilization and culture are twins. They are Jacob and Esau, quarrelling about their father's blessing and their birthright. Jacob, the civilized man, deceiving his aged father and getting the blessing by substituting rabbit-skin for real hair. Civilization has annexed science and keeps up appearances by manufacturing synthetic culture, selling canned art, preaching a profitable religion; buying off culture with a " mess of pottage."

American civilization was determined by the wealth of the wilderness and the character of the men it lured across the sea. American culture was shaped in the struggle of European nations for a foothold upon this continent. The decisive wedgelike pressure of the English, which pushed the Spaniards and the French into inconsequential corners of the land, the rapid inpouring of the English, and more especially of the Scotch-Irish,

a hardy, tenacious, combative race, predestined the new world to bear the imprint of Anglo-Saxon culture through English speech, political traditions and the Protestant faith in its Calvinistic mood.

Three distinct cultural groups developed in the early history of this country. The South, in which Virginia played the most important part, the New England colonies with Massachusetts their cultural source, and in between, New York and Pennsylvania with a mixture of cultural heritages; none of them strong enough, however, to overcome the Anglo-Saxon inheritance, though New York has remained the heart of a disintegrating cosmopolitanism both the hope for a more distinct American culture—and the fear of its mongrelization and the destruction of the old.

The colony of Maryland might have been the centre of a definite American Catholic culture, but it was too far removed from the great Catholic cultural sources, and geographically too isolated to act stimulatingly upon the whole. The fact that it was an English colony (Lord Baltimore its founder) united it the more easily to the aristocratic South and left it without much influence upon the vast masses of Roman Catholic immigrants who in later years came here from lower cultural levels from non-English-speaking countries.

In studying the development of culture in the United States it is important to know that with the exception of a small and numerically insignificant group, all its people came here for economic reasons, and not for freedom to worship God or to spread Anglo-Saxon culture over a new continent. They came at a time when

culture was in the possession of the privileged, and was not widely diffused even in its rudimentary aspects, such as ordinary literacy; and the class from which the bulk of immigrants came was culturally upon no higher level than the Slavs or Italians who came in the pre-quota pre-war days. Even the professional men, largely ministers and priests, brought no culture—only cultural motives which they tried to maintain for a time by hallowing religion, the mother tongue, national traditions, and by preserving old world customs.

English culture, which came to Virginia with the Cavaliers, did not sustain itself upon its high level or become widely enough diffused to save the South from long, cultural stagnation. The contact with England, while constant until the war of liberation, was largely economic; a noble architecture, furniture and bric-a-brac, even window-panes (civilization), were imported from England; but the cultural contact was so weak that in time it became a dried branch, retaining a resemblance to the parent tree, but having no life of its own. This, however, was not true of the political ideals, an important part of the cultural life which the colonists brought from England. To its spirit they clung tenaciously, keeping it alive like a holy flame, sacrificing to it, and for it—until it grew to be specifically American; though still English in its birthright. A noble political literature was born, passionate from the hunger for human rights, penetrating deep into the nature and the needs of an awakening humanity. The fact that Virginia has contributed so many illustrious names to the statesmanship of America is not due to

political or geographic reasons, as is the case with Ohio; but is due to the political genius of her people.

The first cultural gift of America to mankind was the Constitution and its preamble, which, while not without contributions from other colonies and other spiritual sources, was coined unmistakably by the genius of the young race. It is a piece of literature of the first rank, and to the loyal Americans it is like a part of Holy Writ. Read only by the few, it is revered and believed in by all. So profound is it that it can be interpreted only by a Holy Synod, the Supreme Court of the United States. The Constitution, then, is a cultural gift to mankind because it possesses the elements of permanence and universality. It has remained in force over one hundred and fifty years, undiminished in vigour except where it has been amended and has met the resistance of racial pride, the age long thirst for alcohol, and where it has been circumvented by economic interests.

It also has the elements of universality, for it has affected the political fortunes of the civilized world. Its influence, however, has been checked in Europe and in Asia by the Soviet and by Fascism, twins born of those grim parents, the Great War and the Red Revolution.

In common with all idealistic thought, the political liberalism which the Constitution guarantees has suffered from civilization with its demands for efficiency and dividends. Strangely enough, conservatives find in it solace and refuge—where once it was the Magna Charta of revolutionists. Yet they believe in its literal application as much as they believe in the literal application of the Sermon on the Mount.

The fruit of America's political culture is sweet but scarce, and the best of it is displayed on top of the barrel, though every once in a while, as during the Harding administration, the top layer itself becomes rotten, and the stench of it rises to heaven, but unfortunately not into the nostrils of the electorate.

The future of democracy may be safe in the lap of the gods, but it is not safe in the ballot-box,—in spite of the Australian system and voting-machines.

The universal panacea, unlimited suffrage, has proved no help in time of trouble, because universal education has not provided the vital culture necessary to save democracy from decay. The loss of faith in democracy is common both among radicals and reactionaries. Liberals have lost their ardour for it—only Conservatives regard it as their bulwark. Dean Inge gives it a hundred years to live—yet will its years be but labour and sorrow. It reached its zenith before the Great War, when women achieved suffrage. Till then there was enthusiasm for it, like reaching after the moon—now that they have it, they do not know what to do with it.

Democratic citizenship is the result not of a law or of the study of civics or of Americanization, but of political culture, and that has been lost in the shuffle for office and in stupid partisanship.

The only colony out of which other cultural elements could come in the early period of American history was Massachusetts. The other colonies, including Virginia, were settled by those who came to seek economic well-being, and they were selected upon that principle in the

Old World. Largely peasants, artisans, traders, and a sprinkling of professional men; the clergy, lawyers and physicians, usually the less gifted.

The Pilgrim Fathers, and the Puritans who followed, came to find and develop for themselves a new spiritual home in this new world, unhindered by the State or an Established Church. The general level of intelligence was high, many of their leaders being university-trained men and theologians, and effort was not concentrated upon the struggle for existence.

It was an entire community, transplanted, not to exploit the new world, but to enrich it, and its members began with a consecration of what they brought, not with the formation of a stock company to divide the spoils. It was not a community thrown together haphazard or blown together by an economic catastrophe, but a corporation closely knit, comrades in the spirit, beginning to function before the anchor of the Mayflower touched the bottom of Plymouth Bay. The colonists brought with them a highly developed if narrow culture, a moral and religious intellectualism, Calvinism at its best or worst. It was almost as intolerant as the Roman Catholicism of the Middle Ages in the matter of religious dogma, and much more intolerant in the matter of personal conduct. Every deviation was punishable and was punished by laws as inflexible as those of the Old Testament.

Whippings and hangings were not as rare as apologists for the Puritans would have us believe. There is no doubt that these and other unlovely aspects of this Puritan culture have driven many of its most direct

descendants into the camp of the Philistines, from where they mock their ancestors and deride their inheritance: but it is doubtful if any culture would have survived had it not been for this intense, insistent, intolerant clinging to faith and practice, which so minutely controlled the lives of the New England forefathers.

The rockbound coast, and the illimitable sea which separated them from the homeland; the forest wilderness, the bitter struggle with wind and weather; the vast new stretches of land toward the far horizon; the strenuous and often unrequited labour on stony soil, the lonely sailings for cod and whale, all tended to drive man back to the primitive.

This culture, high and deep for that period, would have dropped to shallow levels or disappeared altogether, had it not been guarded so closely by this unlovely zeal. Puritanism was an iron-bound chest which held secure fine cultural treasures but also much cheap and unnecessary rubbish, which unfortunately has not been turned over to the rummage sale, and in some quarters is held to be the " pearl of great price." Puritanism was also a garden plot on which culture grew into a hardy tree, its fruit too pale for the eyes of the sensuous, and not sweet enough for the taste of this gum-chewing, movie-going, tabloid-reading generation; good fruit nevertheless, with excellent keeping qualities. It shrivelled but did not decay.

That Puritanism valued and created beauty, a visit to the streets of Plymouth, Concord, Lexington, Cambridge or Salem will prove—a beauty which has been

marred by modern civilization with its factories, standardized tenements, chain stores, roadside advertising and filling stations.

The New England meeting-house is still the best type of ecclesiastical architecture, fitting the simple, dignified Puritan faith and lending distinction to the landscape; while our many church atrocities against pure religion, with their cheap Gothic and Norman, nondescript architecture modern and utilitarian, have helped to vulgarize worship.

In the form of worship there has been distinct deterioration; dignity has yielded to frigidity and emotional ardour has become stereotyped into formality. Anthems and hymns have become an abomination unto the Lord, and vacillate between jazz and grand opera. Composers of Protestant church music, if they are musicians, often have no religion, and if they have religion, they are not good musicians. The content of religion has become vague, lost either in the attempt to harmonize it with science or to combat it. "Pure religion and undefiled" is between the "upper and nether millstone" of Modernism and Fundamentalism. Modernist preaching is on heights where the average man cannot follow, and the fundamentalists are too often thinking in the cellar.

The Puritans valued learning and were not foes of science. They founded Harvard, Yale, Dartmouth and the far-flung colleges beyond the Alleghenies and the Rockies, into which they poured the "widow's mite" and the rich man's treasures. These schools were not founded to prepare men to become bond salesmen,

short story writers, and advertisers, neither did the Alumni cling loyally to Alma Mater because it had produced a winning football team. These schools sent out statesmen of the first order, poets not a few, and ministers of the Gospel who were healers of souls, not efficient managers of a gospel factory (civilization). No doubt their theology was narrow and hard, yet when it mellowed it grew into a lofty philosophy and fruited in poetry.

In Emerson, Puritanism gave to the world a cultural gift of the first order. Though he departed from the pessimistic theology of Puritanism he remained a Puritan in his insistence upon the purity of the soul and in his uncompromising loyalty to truth. He marks the height of American culture and is still acting creatively upon thinking men everywhere.

Longfellow, too, survives. He won the hearts, if not the intellect of mankind, and still lives among the childlike and the children, the world over.

Nathaniel Hawthorne reflects the melancholy earth and the severe heavens of New England, and has bequeathed permanent, universal values to literature by *The Scarlet Letter* and *The Blithedale Romance*. He may have been the last of the Puritan writers; though as a literary movement Puritanism was by no means exhausted, and as a moral force is not dead. So deeply imbedded is it in the soul of America that this prodigal generation has not been able to waste all its inheritance.

However, the dominance of New England literature and New England culture has passed. It suffered from the Civil War, the consequent centralization of govern-

ment, the winning of the West and the vast extension of the United States to the Pacific Ocean. Perhaps it suffered most from its own defects. It was not adaptable enough, it did not follow the pioneer who penetrated farther and farther into the wilderness and all but became one with its primitiveness. Something more primitive, more brutally vital, more original, entered the life of Americans and neither the New England soul or mind was able to appreciate or comprehend it.

Walt Whitman, Bret Harte, and Mark Twain interpreted this newer aspect of American life, while the Methodist circuit riders, who had learned their theology out of the Bible and who had their culture out of the *Advocate*—not Congregational and Unitarian ministers, who had theirs from the *Atlantic Monthly*—carried the religious culture beyond the Alleghenies and the Rockies.

After them came missionaries of various sects who depressed the cultural level by futile discussions about baptism and the " seventh day " or " the second coming," and while New England culture halted at the ramparts of the mountains, Puritanism, as a moral force, advanced; for no matter how the Protestant churches differed in their theology, their general outlook upon life was the same.

It is characteristic of the depth and strength of Puritanism, that without exception the new religious movements which sprang out of the American soul are Puritan.

Mormonism, in spite of its earlier polygamous practices and its more liberal attitude toward the theatre

and dancing, regulated the conduct of its adherents as the earliest Puritans regulated their communities.

Christian Science, though departing altogether from the New England theology, is Puritan in its moral outlook, and in the results it achieves, thoroughly American.

Puritanism, as a moral force, has survived not only in the "*Hinterland,*" where it has become stupidly tyrannical as a guardian of other peoples' morals, but also among a worthwhile minority everywhere, which believes that character cannot be achieved without discipline, and which protests, if ineffectively, the capitulation of the human soul to the world, the flesh and the devil.

The three cultural divisions still exist, though the lines have merged or have extended into the further West, over the darker South and the conglomerate of the East. The White South has remained politically sterile, religiously dormant and artistically far below its creative capacity.

The human mind runs in a circle when it is ridden by an obsession, when it is mastered by a rigid conformity or an authoritative orthodoxy.

New England, and that means Boston, in spite of the fact that the Irish and the French Canadians control its politics, still has cultural traditions, if not a vigorous culture. It has Harvard, which maintains its early freedom of teaching against accumulating odds, the Ford Hall Forum, which, though repudiated by the Baptists, has remained a free platform for social, religious and political discussion, and the *Atlantic Monthly,* which has grown sprightlier and broader with age.

New England's gift has never failed, and in this generation she has given to the country a really great national hymn: Katherine Lee Bates' "America the Beautiful," a worthy companion to Julia Ward Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

Enough of New England culture and appreciation have been diffused among Boston's crowded aliens to develop in them reverence for its cemeteries, its monuments and Boston Commons.

Its religious culture is still active, for it has given birth to Christian Science, which has in a very short time made conquest of a certain important strata of society all over the Western World.

The old New York and Pennsylvania division has extended all over the country. It dominates the cultural horizon—as it dominates commerce, and treats culture as it treats merchandise. Literature is bought to provide room for advertising next to reading matter, and cloak and suit manufacturers buy dramas and scenarios and dictate taste, though they have none.

Pennsylvania, and that means only Philadelphia, is quite distinct, not so much in the quality of literature she sponsors as in the fact that she has grown more Puritan under the influence of Quakers and Scotch-Irish Presbyterians, and New York has become the experiment station for cultural dissent; for while its soul seems as cosmopolitan as that of a Cook Tourist Guide, its culture, like the skyscrapers which give it tone, is growing to be more and more authoritatively American. Thus far it is a culture in which architecture alone has fully expressed itself; though the short

story, the novel, poetry and the drama are developing in a way which entitles them to be regarded as true elements of American culture.

Music is worthily cultivated but not notably created, except through jazz and the musical comedy, and the graphic arts may be the last though not the least of her cultural seeds to grow into rich fruitage.

The movies, though made in Los Angeles, are determined upon in New York and dispensed from there, and they bring alternate cultural hope and despair; glimpses at best, but no vistas.

Political culture, if it exists at all, is dormant. There is but little political education, except the brave attempt of the public schools to educate the children for good citizenship and to Americanize masses of immigrants. The speeches made at the conventions of the two political parties held respectively in Kansas City, Missouri, and in Houston, Texas, in this year 1928, are proof of the low state of our political culture, if any proof were needed.

America has something worth while to say to the world through the arts, but at this moment nothing, certainly nothing new or worth while through politics, and that at a time when both Russia and Italy are preaching a new revolutionary or reactionary political gospel, and all the world is listening to it.

What there is of religious culture in the United States is confused by conflict and controversy, or atrophied by neglect, and there seems to be no serious concern about it.

VI

JEWS AND JEWISH CULTURE

WHEN the average man says of another, "He is a Jew," he puts into those three letters thoughts and emotions which span thousands of years of history. They come to him from broken bits of the Bible, from snatches of Church history; phrases from ancient hymns and prayers, from *Ivanhoe* and the *Merchant of Venice,* from the table talk at home; from passing the clothing store or hearing a funny story which rings of coin as well as laughter.

These thoughts and feelings, rising from the bottom of a deep well, are unpleasant enough to make social contacts between Jew and Gentile difficult, a difficulty which is increased because the Jew draws water from the same well and it tastes *marah*—bitter. This mutual reaction marks the Jew an alien in the national life, no matter how long he has rested from his forced wanderings on the soil of this or that particular country with the interests of which he has identified himself.

There have always been a few Gentiles who when they pronounced the word Jew, have done it with respect and reverence; visualizing prophets, psalmists, apostles, disciples, martyrs, philosophers, scientists and artists; but to the majority of Christians the word recalls only the worst characters of the Old Testament

and of the New. The good ones without exception are regarded as Christians, usually Protestants who came to America in the Mayflower. The bad ones came in the steerage and were all Jews.

In a recent sermon to children, a highly intelligent and well-meaning preacher said: "Wasn't Moses a grand Christian?"

Only once in the experience of the writer, as a teacher of religion, has a student identified Jesus as a Jew, and that was due to his stupidity in confounding Jesus with Jehovah—rather than to his insight. Replying to the question why the Jews regarded themselves as God's chosen people, the answer was: "Well, wasn't God a Jew?"

There are also certain Christian sects which regard the Jews as a race essential in the plan of the world's salvation. Theirs is an unpleasant, cloying kind of Philo-Semitism. They pray and pay for the conversion of the Jews, thus far without much success, and they do not modify the general feeling against the Jew, or allay the general fear. A far larger number of Christians believe the Jews to be under a divine curse, and that it is their pious duty to make the curse effective.

In the scale of racial antipathies, which is rising rather than falling in the United States, the Jew usually comes second, the Negro first. There is, however, a greater difference than this statement indicates, for while the Negro is despised, the Jew is disliked. Of the Negro, people are afraid, of the Jew they are suspicious and afraid.

The Negro has his colour and lack of culture against

him; the Jew, his face, but also his history and his culture. The Negro is thus far only a race problem; the Jew is a race, a business and a cultural problem.

The Negro can be brushed aside, and in certain parts of the United States he may be kicked aside; the Jew is too imbedded in the past, too deeply entrenched economically, scientifically and culturally in the present to be brushed aside. He is sure to be here tomorrow and stronger, therefore more objectionable. Kicking him would be in its effect like kicking the Pyramids or the Rock of Gibraltar. The Jew rises too high out of the past, from priest to prophet, from poet to philosopher, from Jesus to God, to be brushed aside, and when he descends he descends too deep: from the professional rabbi to the sophist, from the trader to the swindler, from Judas to the devil, to be ignored.

The Jew is the result of a tradition more alive and flux in the past than in the present. At times this tradition seemed rigid and fleshless like the valley of dry bones; but every once in a while the bones rattle, revive, take on flesh and become alive. If they are bones they have never fallen into dust.

Jewish culture, the manifestation of the Jewish spirit in the individual and in the race, is the result of a tradition which arose in the Palestinian peninsula. It was enlarged and enriched by the sojourn in Egypt, the exiles in Babylon and Persia; but it was of such unique power that it assimilated all those contributions and remained a specific Jewish culture. This capacity of assimilating older and other cultures has often been cited against Jewish claims of originality or special

revelation. In the realm of culture, and this includes also the realm of civilization, it is not a question of priority but of reality; it is not who dreamed the dream of flying, but who first flew behind a gasoline engine. It is not the question which mole threw the first hill, but what mountain range now fronts the eye.

The work of the Spirit is a whole, all serious thinking is one, and it appeared in a certain period of the world's history as the Hebrew religion—an act of God; always an act, from the day of creation to the destruction of Jerusalem; of which man is a part, not a beholder but an inseparable part.

This tradition begins with God. "In the beginning, God." Always a struggle to retain God in the centre of his tradition. Like all other people, the Jew struggled through Totemism, the worship of animals, to Fetishism, the worship of trees, groves, springs and stones, to ancestor worship, to tribal deities to whom he prayed for victory and booty; but then more quickly, more suddenly and more completely than all others the transition to the triumphant: "Hear, O Israel, the Lord thy God is one God," and to the final, "Our Father which art in heaven."

All of this struggle is imbedded in the Jew. His noblest name is Israel, wrestler with God, his meanest name is Jew, which has become synonymous with wrestler with mammon. He is never out of this historic struggle. Its dark ages and its brilliant flashes live in him and he is still of the multitude worshipping the golden calf, though he may also come down with Moses from the flaming mountain, and in righteous indigna-

tion break the God-graven tablets—and his heart—because of the sins of the people. So strong is this inheritance that it clings to every Jew even if he attends the synagogue but once a year or not at all. Tradition has the power of heredity, a factor which has escaped the biologist and of which the behaviourist is now becoming conscious.

The Jewish race has never been without a genius. The output is constant, although not always reaching the height of the Greeks, which grew only about a hundred and fifty years and then ceased. The Jews' fertility in giving birth to genius has lasted at least three thousand years and it seems as strong and productive as ever.

Every Jew has great ancestors, and they all live in him or he in them. They live, not in the blood alone but in blood and tears, in race and in tradition: In Jeremiah's lament, in Isaiah's vision, in Job's despair, in Solomon's splendour and wisdom, in the Maccabees' resistance to Rome, in the martyrs who would not bow down and worship man as God.

Every Jew is born as old as the day of creation, and when he dies he has lived, not three score years and ten, but since the day when Jehovah said: "Let us make man." When he dies he continues to live in his race or, if he be of large mould, in mankind.

The great cultural gift of the Jew to mankind was not Monotheism; other religions hinted at that—but the gift of God in history, the eternal in time, God acting, revealing Himself in His acts.

The Jew does not read the Bible as literature, neither

does he regard it as a fetish. It is a revelation of God, luminous and continuous, extending far beyond its pages. Significantly enough, the Old Testament was written on scrolls, pages were never turned over, not even when the Bible was a book; nor was it ever closed. There is no " Finis." Where it ends it begins again. It is like time—endless. The Bible to the Jew is not a glorification of the past or justification of the political action of the nation; it is not the closet for a " bloody shirt," or a dry cleaning establishment.

Israel's sins not only are not hidden, they " make the front page " and are " in the headlines," to use journalistic phrases. Judges, kings, priests and princes, all are treated alike by these inspired historians, inspired by their democratic, just Jehovah, before whom nothing was of as much importance as righteousness; for He was righteous.

The Bible is almost as stark and honest as geology, which admits of no padding, and it is as valid for the teaching of ethics as a mountain is valid for teaching the earth's structure.

The Jew, then, *nolens volens,* inherits the past with its fasts larded thinly with feasts; the sorrowful Day of Atonement with its sweet forgiveness, the Passover joy with its bitter herbs, the sharp memories of Egypt—a Passover feast; but always an empty chair for the prophet who comes unseen but real to remind the feasters that God, the old God, the righteous, Baal-hating God is still the same God who led the children of Israel out of Egypt, and that if they do not " mind their p's and q's " another captivity is not out of the question;

though they now live in steam-heated apartments in the Bronx, and may buy and drink the Passover wine, legally, in spite of the Volstead Act.

On the stream of Jewish tradition come all the woes of the past, all the sins of all the people and all their suffering. Therefore the note of Jewish culture is pathos, arising out of a national tragedy and a people's age-long suffering; for while prosperity may make "Jeshurom wax fat and kick," down amid the fatness is the sad note which becomes vocal in the well known "Oi-Oi!" which is the keynote of the Jew's literature, his music, and now, since he does make graven images, his art.

Jewish humour is unlike a certain well-advertised tobacco, it bites. It is a sharp arrow projected by the aid of a funny story. The teller of the tale laughs because the victim cries "Oi-Oi!"

The crudest and one of the oldest funny stories is of the Jewish yokel who goes to the city and there pays a sharper to teach him a trick. "Try to hit my hand," the sharper says, as he lays it on the table in exchange for a coin. As the hand is drawn away the yokel smites, instead, the hard wood. He comes home greatly elated because he now can play a trick. "Strike my hand," he says to his chum, and he lays it on his own cheek. The result is "Oi-Oi!"

This is, of course, the psychological basis of much laughter, the laugh at the other fellow's hurt; but it runs through all Jewish humour. It is more wit than humour, and more satire than wit.

Of unrestrained hilarity, the childlike or childish

abandonment to fun, such as may be witnessed at any meeting of Rotarians, the Jew is almost incapable. He is always too old for that and inwardly too sad.

When the Jew becomes Pagan, as he often does, he becomes crude and crass, or extremely sensuous, and largely in the matter of sex; for that is an intoxicant which wipes out the past as not even drink can. Man is then just the brute, neither Jew nor Gentile; just plain animal.

The Jew does not play well, he gambles better; for there are pathos and tragedy in gambling. The taste for sport he is acquiring, but alas, at a time and in a place when it has become serious and profitable.

Business itself is to him not a sport, as it so often is to the American, to be laid aside after business hours, but it is a tragic burden from which he cannot free himself even in his sleep.

The peddler's pack is symbolic of the burden on his soul, and when he exchanges his pack for a department store he merely carries a pack ten stories high. Business is never unqualifiedly good, else it would lose its tragic aspect. Ask the average Gentile, "How's business?" and he will answer, "Fine." Ask the Jew, and he will say with a sigh, "It never was worse;" or at best, "So-so." He will not even unqualifiedly admit his prosperity. The richest Jew always deprecates his wealth. Pathos is the keynote even in his prosperity; for he knows too well that while money may mean power it has also the power to fly away.

Jewish worship also is tuned to this note of pathos, and among the orthodox it is a continuous wailing, a

confused chanting into which the amens and amens fall like millstones into a storm-swept pond.

The sorrows of the exile, the vast and age long dispersion, the always present Anti-Semitism, permit of no rollicking hymn tunes. Even when the religious joy is at its height, as in the Sabbath hymn, the triumphant, welcoming notes to the Sabbath bride by the waiting bridegroom are still sadly, though triumphantly, solemn. The shadow travels with the sunbeam along the journey of life of the Jew.

The Jewish child not only comes into the world with a cry, but within eight days it cries again in the synagogue, for it is then circumcised, and blood is the price of admission into the fellowship of race.

At the early age of thirteen the Jewish boy becomes a member of the congregation, and while this event is celebrated with elaborate feasting, the boy has a year or many years of the study of the law, of portions of the *Talmud,* behind him, often drilled into him by an austere teacher, an adept in the pedagogy of Solomon.

The boy learns of Jehovah's "*Streng Verbotens,*" which are inscribed in majestic tomes in small and strange print, without vowels and with many accents. Out of these, by the aid of this same teacher, he must evolve a sermon which he delivers to an assembly of his relatives and friends, and he often weeps as copiously as his admiring audience.

At his wedding he is not bothered much about his attire. He knows then how he will look in his grave; for he wears his white shroud on that happy occasion; while the bride, though she may wear a real wedding

gown, must have her face so heavily veiled that all light is shut out, and the sounds of the ancient ritual in an unknown tongue come to her like the murmuring waves of the far-away Mediterranean or the rippling of the waters of the Jordan, on whose shores her ancestors pledged their solemn troths.

Jews do not take married life lightly, and if it becomes a yoke it is born with submission. They do not try to escape the physical results of matrimony; they usually desire a family, and children are a joy, not a burden. There are tragic sacrifices made for dowries and for college educations, the whole family often suffering, that one of its members may succeed or rise to eminence.

The narrow spaces of the great cities, the small apartments and high rents, the turbulent mixture of peoples on the subways have affected the family life of the Jews, but not as suddenly and as adversely as that of other people.

The approach of death, always tragic, is heightened among the Jews by the wailing of a brotherhood which has made this service to the dying and their burial, its solemn duty. The silent messenger is greeted by loud chantings of Hebrew comfort; words which carry no meaning to their still conscious subject, and strike terror to the waiting relatives. The last sad rites are sad indeed, sad beyond words. Among the most orthodox there is no coffin, but a bier hopelessly black. The body in its shroud, followed by male relatives in torn garments, is carried to its grave to the murmur of chanted prayers and psalms, and is deposited in the

God's acre amid the hopeless confusion of other graves, the merciless clods, unsoftened by flowers, falling upon it. All these distressing conditions have been more or less modified among the Reformed and the wealthy Jews; but they abide as an undertone of Jewish culture, and colour all its manifestations.

Jewish pathos is illumined, however, by an inner joyousness which is just as intense and as abiding. To the Jew, and again I mean the orthodox Jew, the law is not a burden. "Oh how I love to observe thy law!"

The law brings release and ennoblement, not enslavement. By obeying God the Jew follows God, communes with God. His mystic touch with Jehovah comes through obedience to the law. In his prayers and observances he helps God to be triumphant upon the earth; he not only pleases God by obedience to the law, but he releases God. He helps Jehovah to be triumphant.

The Jew does not wish to conquer the world, but he desires to complete it. He therefore accepts all the limitations of the law as wings rather than as chains; the daily life and all its actions minutely regulated make the day not merely existence but a luminous expression of God's presence; of his co-operation with God in everything, everywhere and all the time. Every day and every place can be made holy ground and every action can be hallowed by obedience to the law.

In the Jew's dispersion among the Gentiles, where he must observe two Sabbaths, he submits to this limitation of his profits, and the degree of good will with which he submits is the test of his loyalty to the law.

The Jewish Sabbath, which is the twin of the most Puritan of Puritan Sabbaths, which curtails all unnecessary labour, which the rabbis have reveled in, turning almost all pleasurable exertions into forbidden labour—the Jew greets most cheerfully. The flesh is restrained, the spirit wakes.

He decks his cleansed body in the best he can afford and feeds it with the best the law and his pocketbook allow. The body is not demeaned, it becomes the willing servant of the law. The joy of the Sabbath relieves the pathos, and has saved the Jewish race from falling into utter meanness, so possible in its struggle for existence.

In his sorrow and in his joy the Jew is intense. His feelings well from great depths, and rise to great heights, for his emotional nature is always in high gear. "I will not let thee go until thou bless me," is the keynote of his nature, and it may mean that he becomes an ardent searcher for God or for wealth, that he becomes a keen competitor, or a path-maker in human progress. He may be a prophet or a profiteer.

The Jew in his intensity, if he has a big soul, always sacrifices himself for an ideal; if he has a small soul, for a bargain. He becomes sublime, rises to the very throne of God; or he becomes sordid and falls into his steel vault.

When he rises there is no greater height, a little lower than God; when he falls he falls so far that he smashes his soul; he falls like an angel or a woman; he becomes Lucifer or a prostitute.

Jewish culture is rooted in tradition which has be-

come a stone wall to keep out the unclean, but it has also kept out the clean. It has saved dispersed Israel from extinction, but also from an abundant life. The Jewish soul so capable of religious growth has become sterile, its spiritual insight has deteriorated into casuistry which has sacrificed truth at the altar of the letter of the law.

The Messianic movements which were a revolt against the fetters of traditionalism have all proved abortive within Judaism. A creative mysticism which grew under the spell of the *Kabala* was persecuted or ridiculed and survives only in the darkest corners of Eastern European ghettos.

Jewish culture is all but dead spiritually, it remains within Judaism but not as a religious force; it has become again a national culture under the inspiration of Zionism, it has also become a vital factor in the larger cultural life of all the nations among whom the Jews live in appreciable numbers. Nowhere has Jewish culture interfered with the development of a national culture, it has often glorified it and always intensified it, but has nowhere disintegrated it.

It has brought into the Western world the soul of Asia. This soul has, however, suffered more from the materialism of the West than it has given to it of its spiritual genius. It is easy to blame the past for this crippling of the Jewish soul, but it is not so easy for the Jew to realize that if the Gentiles crippled it, he is murdering it. There are too many Jews in America who are not "soul Jews," but stomach Jews; who though they eat *Kosher* live *Trepha*. This is true among the

many who are Orthodox, the fewer who are Reformed and the mass of them who are Jews because they cannot escape the shrewd gleam in their eyes and the shape of their noses.

Jewish culture is in a bad way in America, and it cannot be put in the right way except by destroying the golden calf, and there is no Moses to come down from the top of the mountain; even if there were one, the Christians might unite with the Jews in crucifying him.

VII

JEWISH UNITY AND JEWISH POWER

THE fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom;" the fear of the Jews is the beginning of foolishness. Judaism as an organization does not exist. There are movements within Judaism, but not one of them embraces the whole, not even those which were organized to preserve Judaism.

The synagogue is organized, maintained and controlled by its members, and even such organic cohesion as exists between Congregational churches is absent.

The rabbi is not a priest, and whatever there is left of priestly functions in Judaism, and there is very little of it, is performed by laymen. The rabbi is a teacher, as his title implies. He is honoured if he is pious, and his people are proud of him if he is a great preacher. He is useful at weddings and funerals; is obeyed only in the matter of ritual, and is lamentably without authority in matters of conduct. Among the Reformed Jews, with whom the ritual has been reduced to a minimum, he is a preacher.

A Methodist minister is a Pope compared with a rabbi, as far as authority over the members of his congregation is concerned. He is not even an administrator; but a scholar. As a preacher he is not important, for the Orthodox Jew does not go to the synagogue to

hear a sermon; he goes to say his prayers, and when they are said he will as likely as not leave his pew and walk out, returning to it for the closing prayers.

The Jewish press, of which there are many weeklies, especially for Jews, publishes society sheets where one may satisfy that universal desire to have one's name in print. With distinguished exceptions these papers are without literary merit and without power.

The Yiddish dailies are either labour sheets of various degrees of radicalism or are American newspapers printed in the jargon of the Eastern Jews. They have performed a useful service in helping the Jewish immigrant to become adjusted to his environment and they satisfied his desire for good reading, thus helping to enrich Jewish culture; but they are not Jewish papers in the sense that they are controlled by a Jewish hierarchy or that they foster Jewish aspirations for political or financial control. In a sense they are very much like the Yiddish theatre, which is a mirror of Jewish life, but frequently so universal in its appeal that it would be of universal interest except for the barrier of language.

The Jewish community, where it exists, is drawn together by the requirements of the law; for Judaism expresses itself in and through the whole community. A Jew alone is a spiritual orphan. There must be at least ten male members to make a spiritual quorum; while to maintain a synagogue, with its various functionaries, of course, requires many more.

The need for social intercourse brings Jews together even if the spiritual requirements are not pressing; for if the Jew alone is a spiritual orphan, he is also one

socially. He is rarely taken fully into Gentile society, and if he lives in colonies it is due to a double pressure, one from within and one from without. If he climbs into what is called society, he has two walls to climb: The one which the past built to shut him in and the other which race prejudice builds to shut him out.

In spite of the cohesion among the Jews they are never organized to control business; for they are keen competitors and "business is business;" they have no taste or genius for politics. They may vote for a Jew to gratify racial pride or to gain civil rights if they have been denied them, but they have no desire to control the State. They are content if the State protects them.

As for religious unity among the Jews, it will be achieved a century or so after Fundamentalists and Modernists meet in a General Assembly in John Haynes Holmes' Community Church, and elect Harry Emerson Fosdick, Moderator.

The attacks upon the mythical Jewish power to control the financial market of the United States, projected by the *Dearborn Independent,* have proved to be a costly mistake.

The Jews, even if they were organizable for that purpose, could not control the financial market with so many Scotch Presbyterians in the banking business.

Neither the Theatrical Trust, as it is called, nor the moving picture industry, nor the clothing business, controlled though they are by individual Jews, are for the gaining of anything except dollars for the men engaged in them. Mr. Ford's naïve confession of the error of his ways in furthering this attack, proves only that

hard-headed business men often have a soft spot in their brains, or a vacuum.

It would seem that if any movement could unite the Jews into a powerful organization it would be Zionism, which is a revival of their desire for a home land. It was stimulated by a wave of anti-Semitism which swept over Eastern and Central Europe.

Jews who had worked devotedly in various fields of their native countries' endeavour: The army, the universities, laboratories, in art and in business, suddenly discovered that they were regarded as undesirable aliens and that they were beaten morally, spiritually and physically with the weapons of the Pogrom.

As it has always happened in times of persecution, the weak, the timid and the selfish went over to the enemy; the strong clung more tenaciously to their faith or returned to it after almost complete alienation.

Among the latter, one of the strongest and noblest was Theodore Herzl, a prominent Austrian author who found himself a man without a country; not in the legal sense, of course. He still had to pay taxes and send his sons to the army; he could also earn his living, but he had no national home. Austria insisted that he was only a step-child and he was treated as such.

He wrote a book called *The Jewish State,* in which he presented a program for creating a Jewish state in Palestine, to function under the protection of one or more European powers. The Jews could then claim a national home even if it could harbour only a minority of them and they could not achieve complete political independence.

This call for the revival of Jewish nationality created as much dissent as assent, and Jews became ardent Zionists or violent anti-Zionists. Even the Zionists, when they met at their first congress in Basel, Switzerland, found themselves separated one from the other by language, culture, religion, belief and even by race; for some of them were fair Teutons and others were black Tunesians; some were as dark and volatile as Latins, while many were Slavs by temperament and world outlook.

In this and subsequent congresses bedlam reigned. Zionist could not agree with Zionist, and no small wonder; for Max Nordau, a French rationalist, was followed on the speakers' platform by the ultra-Orthodox rabbi of Vilna, Poland; Israel Zangwill, an Englishman all but his face, with the Englishman's liberal viewpoint, preceded a German Jew who looked like Bismarck and talked like Nietsche. Rabbi Stephen Wise, of New York City, a prophetic figure, was followed by another rabbi of the East Side of the same city, who opposed him on principle even if he agreed with him.

The Zionist movement, in spite of its rapid growth, grew in contentiousness till the heart of its founder literally broke under the strain of trying to unite the Jews upon a program for their national rebirth.

The Jews have achieved many seemingly impossible things, in spite of themselves; not because of Jewish cohesion, and the semblance of success realized in Palestine was a dramatic incident of the War. However, it has left the Jews still divided between ardent Zion-

ists, violent anti-Zionists, and a third division by far the largest; those who do not care one way or the other so long as they can stay where they are unmolested.

Unity of sentiment exists in Judaism. It centres around Jehovah the one God, a great tradition, the great men produced by it; around the holy law and the feeling of a special mission in this world, of being chosen by Jehovah for that purpose. There is no common teaching as to how to regard their tradition or how to interpret their law; there is no program as to how to make their particular mission effective. The one time the Jews achieved unity of action was in their brief, tragic and disastrous experience with the Roman invaders. They rarely agree even with one another. Where there are two Jews there are four opinions.

The *Talmud* and kindred holy books, which are largely given over to the discussion of the observance of the law, are labyrinths of disagreements, and an English law court library, voluminous and complex as it is, would be by comparison as simple as starch pudding is to mince pie.

Jewish history has always been discordant. There was always a Mason and Dixon's line even in that brief period when the kingdoms of Judah and Israel were one. In the religious life the priest and the prophet were as far apart as the Roman Catholics and the Protestants are today, and for much the same reason.

For a short time the Jews attained unity with the reluctant soil on which they lived, with the land which sheltered them so poorly from the enemy; with the law which came to them from Mount Sinai no such unity

was achieved as exists, for instance, today in the United States, where there are only two political parties between which there is no visible difference except at election time.

The Jews are more discordant today than ever. Every individual bears the mark of the conflict down deep in his soul. Once a year on a great holy day he holds in his hands the symbolical palm leaves and citrous fruit; the rest of the year he has to handle old rags, or new rags, broken iron or old rubber, suits of clothing and stocks and bonds; there is the discord between the poetry of religion and the prose of business.

If he is thoroughly Orthodox he is discordant because he must compromise with the law of Jehovah, living as he does under the law of the Gentile; if he is a Reformed Jew he is discordant because the services which he attends are as coldly well ordered as the service in a Unitarian church, and it does not satisfy the aspiration of his soul; if he is neither Orthodox nor Reformed, his soul is still more in discord because he knows that he is a Jew in the flesh only. He is most out of harmony with himself and his genius because his soul craves unity and he cannot achieve it. There rests upon him the pressure to unite humanity; for while his tradition has come to him upon a distinct stream, it flows, not into the Dead Sea, but into the ocean.

A Jewish prophet first saw and proclaimed the unity of God. Out of contending deities, rival tribal Gods, there came to him the flash of oneness, of the all and in all.

It was another prophet of the same race who first fol-

lowed the quest for human brotherhood. Reluctantly he went out and was swallowed by a whale, and has been kept there by a doubting generation. The great miracle of the Old Testament was not, however, the roomy belly of the fish, but the great soul of the Jew.

The only miracle of the New Testament which the Jew can fully accept is the miracle of race unity which ushered in the era of Jesus. That three wise men of the East, of three different races, one of them a black man, according to tradition, travelled, tented, and ate together and adored a Jewish child lying in a manger, is a growing miracle, more unbelievably miraculous in these days of increasing race antagonism.

Among the great religions of the East the Jewish religion was the first to admit to the forgiving heart of God, if not always to its altars, not only the wise, the rich and the initiated; but the lost, the sinful and the poor, all those who repent of their sins.

"I call to witness heaven and earth," said a great Jewish teacher, "that the Holy Spirit may rest upon Jew and heathen, upon men and women, upon man servant and maid servant according to their deeds."

This open door to God was closed by self-righteous and race-conscious, self-appointed protectors of spiritual and biological treasures, who did not enter in themselves, and kept others out; a process frequently repeated in the religious history of mankind.

The Jew craves unity, yet is always lonely, he is constantly looking for his friends but instead finds enemies. He beats against the ghetto walls and when the liberal spirit of the times breaks them down he builds

them anew, more comfortable and more costly, a ghetto still, whether it is down-town or up-town. The up-town ghetto may be cleaner, but it is more sordid, for it houses more Jewish bodies than Jewish souls.

When the Jew is ostracized he suffers not so much in his pride as in his soul. He cries, "Why can't we live together as brothers?" Yet he often himself makes this impossible. Perhaps because his soul goes out to his fellow-men in rapturous demonstrativeness, he creates anti-Semitism though he detests it. He repels the cooler-hearted Gentile by the haste of his desires, by the overflowing of his neighbourliness.

The Harvard man says when he describes his Jewish classmate, "He crawls all over you." Teachers in the public schools who have Jewish pupils know this Semitic effusiveness and suffer under it.

Another reason for this social anti-Semitism, as it is practised in the United States, lies in the fact that the Gentile suspects the Jews of seeking profit from their investment of good-will.

He may put it this way: "When the Jew is your neighbour he can't do too much for you and he can't do you too much." There is truth in this charge though it is overstated. This thing of getting credit for your good deeds and drawing profit from them is a common human frailty, but perhaps more accentuated in the Jews.

However, giving of one's means and of one's deeds is deeply ingrained in Jewish culture, it leads back to the old sacrificial cult. The Jew's wish to appease God by his gifts and gain His protection, is clarified into a desire to have communion with Him. He wanted to be

regarded as God's child, and he now gives instinctively; it has become a habit and is often the only part of his religion which he practices, though it is not the easiest.

When he is happy, when his heart overflows, when he is unhappy and his heart is breaking; out of gratitude or because of his grief he gives.

When his wife has borne him a son, he not only passes the cigars, but puts money into the poor box; at the graves of his loved ones, tears flow, but also money to the needy. Even if he is not naturally charitable he always gives to charity out of pride or from policy; for a Jew cannot earn the respect of his fellow-Jews on any other terms. The Jews respect a rich man only when he gives; collectors for Jewish charities know this fact and profit by it.

To the Jew, giving is not only a duty but a privilege, he does himself a favour. The New Testament saying, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," expresses this attitude tersely and beautifully. The Jew gives most liberally to non-Jews and for common humanitarian causes.

Nearly all Y. M. C. A. buildings for coloured men in the United States, and many public school buildings for the same race in the South, have been built by the liberal aid of Julius Rosenwald. He also maintained scholarships for coloured boys in white colleges of the North, until drinking from the same fountain of learning became impossible for the two races; though playing on the same football team did not arouse opposition if the coloured boy helped to win games.

The name of Nathan Strauss is one of the most hon-

oured among the Jews, and countless Gentile children owe their lives to him because of his distribution of pure milk for their use.

The cause of art in New York City may or may not have been hurt by the commercial theatre, but it has been greatly fostered by the Lewisohn sisters, who founded and maintained the Neighbourhood Play House, one of the purest sources of dramatic pleasure —which not only showed no profit but was a constant financial drain upon their resources.

The name of Otto Kahn will always be associated with the Metropolitan Opera House in New York City, of which he has been a director and liberal supporter; while that of Altman is identified with the Metropolitan Museum of Art, to which he bequeathed his priceless art treasures; and the name of Guggenheim with travelling scholarships, research, and aviation.

There are countless other Jews who, out of their more modest means have given for Y. M. C. A.'s, universities and colleges; community chests, and for the promoting of good will among men.

The spiritual power of the Jew is most manifest in the fact that he is a born mediator; for he is of the Messiah nation, and a great Jew always stands somewhere when chasms between men are to be bridged: between race and race, nation and nation, class and class, the Jew has tried to mediate.

The great atonement has been attempted by Jews again and again; never so dramatic a failure nor so conspicuous a success as on Calvary.

The Jew is more or less anæmic, he is not "red-

blooded" in the gladiatorial sense, though his red corpuscles are increasing in this freer world. Nevertheless, he is capable of the highest moral heroism.

He always acts upon his vision; "For Jehovah has spoken and I must prophecy!" the Prophet Amos cried out as he enraged the king and the rich by his scathing and merciless condemnation. And "Woe is unto me if I preach not the gospel!" another Jew cried as he faced the Western World, and his wage was persecution, ridicule and martyrdom.

The power in the Jew is not in his unselfishness, but in a capacity to become selfless, being mastered by an idea, a cause. "Not I, but Christ who liveth in me," the same Paul declared.

The modern Jew may say, "Business lives in me," as it lives in too many of them, or in lesser numbers he may say, "Socialism lives in me," or the labour union as it lived in Samuel Gompers; or "a New World lives in me" as it has lived in the great social prophets.

The Jew feels deeply and acts immediately. His feelings do not express themselves in form as with the Greeks, but in action, in words, and words are deeds.

He is an orator, but rarely a great logician. He experiences events before he thinks them through, he has insight but he is not analytical—he knows that he knows but he does not always know why he knows. He was capable of being a vehicle of inspiration because he did not stop to analyze.

Most of the Bible was not composed in a study. Those parts which were, show it, and are the poorer for it in ethical content and literary value. A careful read-

ing of the Psalms will show those which were inspired and those which were labouriously composed, as for instance, the twenty-third Psalm, and the one hundred and nineteenth.

In art the Jew is more capable of reproducing sound and movement than form and colour. There are more, and better, Jewish musicians and actors than painters and sculptors.

The Jew's power is not so much in building institutions as in maintaining ideals. He is apt to be in conflict with the modern form of nationalism and its demands.

The Jewish state did not differentiate between politics and religion, nor did it subordinate the one to the other. The Jew is obedient to the political state, he feels the need of its protection and respects it; but he cannot worship it as the modern nationalist does. He feels that the state is a fragment that demands the whole. He gives to Cæsar that which is Cæsar's; but he cannot give him as easily and wholly that which is God's.

Jesus shows this in His dramatic life, in most dramatic fashion. Before the temple He said, "A greater than the temple is here." When accused of breaking the Sabbath He said, "The Sabbath was made for man."

The Jew's attitude toward the state lacks much of the exaggerated one hundred per cent Americanism, a complete and unquestioning devotion to the political state; but when his specific culture has ceased to affect him, especially in this New World where the state is

generous if not always just, and where the state is unfolding a power which is admired and shared by all the people, he is capable of enthusiasm and devotion, even of fanatical jingoism.

In the late War he marched out with a heavy heart, he was wept over more copiously perhaps than other lads; he may have handled his bayonet awkwardly, but he fought bravely and suffered heroically.

He never fought like a scrapper who loves a fight, for he does not love it. Wars have left his soul scarred; he has had more than three thousand years of them and he thinks it is time to quit.

The great peace message which has been so long rejected by the nations of the world is a Jewish message. The angels' song on the plains of Bethlehem to half-frightened shepherds was not original with the angels, it was an echo of Isaiah's prophecy which has hovered so long among the angels because the nations of the earth have not been willing to receive it.

From the shepherds' dream to the plan of a Chicago lawyer (Mr. S. O. Levinson) for the outlawry of war, every worthy program for peace, has a Jewish brain and a Jewish heart behind it.

The Jews, however, are not pacifists; there are no Quakers among them, and the few who were found among the conscientious objectors in the late War were political radicals.

The Jew feels his obligation to the state where it approaches his ideal, even if he cannot deify it, and he will be found among its defenders though he detests war and fears it with an age-old fear.

There is a Jewish power which is in the cultural genius of the race; though it has never been strong enough to destroy other cultures. It has either absorbed them or intensified them. This power expresses itself far too much in the making of money and in attaining opulent life, and is now dangerous only to Jewish culture; for business may consume everything, even an ancient culture, and where business only produces more business, a genuine revival of Jewish culture is not in sight.

Among Orthodox Jews it is a prisoner of form and letter; among Reformed Jews it is a patient, ill from a lingering disease.

Zionism has as yet neither liberated the prisoner nor healed the patient. The Jews need a great awakener, but when he comes he may find them too prosperous or too busy making money to be awakened, to think of Israel's spiritual unity or its power to help save mankind.

VIII

ROMAN CATHOLIC CULTURE

JEWISH culture, travelling along the stream of tradition for more than three thousand years, arrived in the United States, staggering, travel-worn and footsore. It has suffered all along the way, and its pathos is not only unrelieved but intensified by the Jews' rich share in America's prosperity.

Its survival is a miracle; for it had no human authority to save it from disintegration and decay. Memory alone preserved it, and must still guard it if it is to live in Judaism.

Catholic culture in the United States arrived whole if not always holy; for it came with the note of conquest with the armada of Columbus and the army of a most Catholic king.

The cross and the sword were lifted up together. The power of Spain has passed away, the sword has rusted, but the cross gleams in every town and city, the Roman Catholic faith is being disseminated, Rome's power grows, up from the South where its captains despoiled the Indians, and destroyed an ancient culture; up to the North where its missionaries tried to save them, and where Roman Catholic culture has taken deep root.

Its journey along the two thousand years of tradition

was, on the whole, triumphant. Most of those who died the martyr's death for faith and the way of life, died in the brilliant period when the Saviour's risen presence was still felt; when the glorious apostles testified eloquently and wrote admonishing letters with divine authority; or when, suffering and dying, they acquired merit for the salvation of those souls yet to be born into this world of uncertainties and pitfalls; while Jewish martyrdom has remained a drab and constant fact.

Moreover, this faith and the Roman Catholic way of life or culture have been guarded by an unquestioned authority, an authority arising, not out of the struggle of one people for its existence; not out of the religious consciousness of specially illumined prophets; not nebulously from myths and dreams. It was bestowed upon the Church as a clearly communicated truth, by the lips of the Son of God, to the ears of Simon the fisherman—Simon, rebaptized into Cephas, Peter the Rock.

The Church, by its authority, has preserved its rock-like quality. In all its manifestations it has guarded it with dogma so inflexible that the Church excommunicated those who doubted one of its " jots or tittles," and turned them over to the Inquisition, mourning for them as lost children.

The sinner's sins were never too scarlet for forgiveness, but the doubter's single doubt broke the safe cable which held him to the only living faith—not because the Church valued dogma above morals, but because unbelief might undermine the faith of many, while sin damaged the soul of only one.

Roman Catholic tradition in comparison with Jewish

tradition is like the trimmed trees in the garden of Versailles, compared with a forest tree which grows as the wind and rain will, and not as it is pruned by the gardener.

It is this tradition guarded by a divinely-commissioned authority, flexible in its relation to human weaknesses, inflexible in its attitude to human speculations when they conflict with dogma, which has given to the Roman Church its strength, its unique culture, and its unmistakable characteristics.

Roman Catholic tradition in contrast to Protestantism is of the Church, not of Church and State, but always the Church, not as distinct from the nation, but superior to it, as the religious life is superior to the secular.

Roman Catholic culture is therefore wholly religious, it is concerned with the soul of man, and works from the inside out; not through the intellect alone, because the Christian religion, while not irrational, is suprarational. Neither does it work through mystic experiences alone; for this feeling of the nearness of God is not the whole experience of God (and mysticism has been too frequently the source of Anti-Catholic movements), but Catholic culture is intellect and feeling working together, and both closely guarded by authority.

While that culture is unique, it is not uniform in its results. The psychology of race, the degree and kind of national culture attained, and the national environment, act alike upon clergy and laity. In fact, the Church finds access to the soul of a people the more

readily, the more she works in harmony with its genius and the more she makes allowance for its peculiarities when they do not endanger the unity of the Church.

While the Church is Roman and the Pontiff and many, if not most, of her Cardinals are Italian, Catholic culture is not exclusively Latin; but bears everywhere the stamp of its environment.

Only in the strictest seclusion of the monastery is absolute uniformity attained, although the rules of each order also give opportunity for a certain diversity.

In America the Roman Catholic is an American in his outlook upon life, and no matter how much the priest may oppose too rapid assimilation, he often achieves it before his people. Unconsciously he feels himself different from Italian or Polish priests and superior to them; and while he submits to authority as they do, it is authority as expressed by the late Cardinal Gibbons, for instance, or by Archbishop Ireland, tempered by their staunch and Simon-pure Americanism.

It is unfortunately true that their liberal attitude toward American institutions and life was not encouraged by the Church, and the tendency to aloofness and strict cultural separation has grown; but not to an alarming degree, for the compulsions of the American spirit for individual freedom are too great.

The Roman Catholic soul attains a culture which is the result of the Roman Catholic genius in being able to mould and blend a definitely selected tradition, a highly developed intellectualism guarded by dogma, and feelings and emotions guided in their expression by a uniform, elaborate and purposeful ritual.

Roman Catholic culture is enduring. It affects the soul deeply and permanently.

"Once a Jew, always a Jew;" but there, race and faith support each other; while a Romanist has only his faith, and only in certain instances is nationality an added source of strength.

Catholicism is a culture which cannot be acquired at a revival meeting, by rising or shaking the hand of the evangelist. Culture cannot be caught, it has to be taught from childhood on, and the Church teaches by symbols and signs, through the Catechism and through dramatic appeal.

The Roman Catholic Church knew psychology before university professors discovered or invented it, and some Protestant clergymen are casting envious glances at her confessional, at the rosary and the well-ordered, noble ritual—valid aids in the culture of the soul, discarded by the zealous reformers, who poured out the baby with the bath.

Roman Catholic culture has depth, and gives to the Catholic a sense of security, a feeling of safety which no other cult in this Western World has developed, with the possible exception of Quakerism and Christian Science, although the Catholic soul is not without fear. The advance is not without struggle; but it may always be triumphant over its foes.

Roman Catholics are not dependent, as Quakers are, upon the uncertain flickerings of the "Inner Light," or as Christian Scientists are, upon the grasp of the "divine mind," a philosophic formula too profound for the simple-minded and too simple for the profound.

The dullest Catholic's soul has the living Christ available in the Eucharist, the greatest sinner finds forgiveness in confession and repentance, and the least worthy has access not only to the overflowing merits of the saints and martyrs but to the intercessory aid of the compassionate Mother of God.

Roman Catholic culture is more uniquely religious than Jewish or Protestant culture if, by religious, one understands the communion of the soul with God, and its striving for worthiness to enter heaven.

The Church surrounds the soul with all possible safeguards, because she believes in its supreme value and in the possibility of its irreparable loss beyond the grave. The soul is guarded on its way through purgatory by the love, the prayers and the sacrifices of pious souls. Catholic culture is not self-centred, for the great concern of the Church is the extension of the kingdom of God, by the renewal and redemption of human souls.

Her children welcome the opportunity to co-operate in this divine enterprise, and her culture has reached its highest expression in its missionaries who have become path-makers of human progress through the densest bush of human ignorance. They have been true apostles, taking their place as saints in the history of mankind, as well as in the calendar of the Church, which not only canonizes saints, but produces them. Her culture culminates in sainthood, though not all her saints are canonized.

There are hosts of her unnamed men and women, who have devoted themselves to healing all the hurts to which the human body and the human soul are liable,

asking no wage; but following the impulse which comes from the depths of their souls.

No doubt there are Roman Catholic missionaries who see in their endeavour only the extension of the power of the Church; but this is only the unavoidable result of its insistence upon its temporal power, and the all too great visibility of the institution above her spirit and progress.

The power of the Church fascinates the less deeply spiritual, and there are priests and bishops who are dictators and not saints; who are drivers and not shepherds; who rule by the fears they keep alive; by their having authority to bind and loose, and to open and shut the gates of heaven.

The Catholic flocks respect their priest's authority, even if the man behind it is unworthy. This is especially true in culturally backward countries where, as the Italians put it, "the priest preaches water and drinks wine," or he may preach chastity and be a libertine. While such priests may be numerous, they are the exception, chronicles of converted nuns and priests to the contrary notwithstanding. The Church could not permanently retain the loyalty of her people, if her spiritual leaders were not true to their vows and were not exemplars in conduct.

Fear plays a great part in the achievement of Roman Catholic culture; but fear does not explain sainthood and loyalty.

The Church has power; she displays it on every occasion, and uses it when necessary, but she is also wise in her generation, and tempers the wind, not only

to the shorn lamb but also to the goats, between whom she does not differentiate as carefully as the more meticulous Protestants; she is stern, but she makes generous allowance for human nature, and neither demands or attempts the impossible. She is opportunistic.

The Church is not Puritan, except on stated occasions. Fasts are limited. The body does not suffer because it abstains from meat once a week, and over-indulgence in pleasure in the pre-Lenten season compensates for the limitations imposed during Lent. To those who wish to be Puritan all the time, she opens the monasteries; but the good beer brewed in Bavarian monasteries and the liquor which bears the trademark of the very learned and pious Benedictines, show that their Puritanism does not include prohibition.

It is needless to say that there are religious orders which are as ascetic as the Essians, but their asceticism is voluntarily assumed and has behind it only the sanction of the Church and not her command.

Ethical values are especially guarded in their relation to the family, and the Church does not tolerate divorce or the teaching of birth control; neither does she impose the intelligence test upon a soul before she admits it into heaven.

" Heaven is not Ellis Island," she says, and eugenics is a science without standing in the family of the children of God.

The result is large families and more unbroken homes than among Protestants, and incidentally a more rapidly growing Church and the triumph of the Medi-

terraneans and Alpines over the Nordics, by virtue of superior numbers.

The non-Romanist, while he may admire the attitude of the Church toward divorce in general, cannot help being honestly puzzled over her sanctioning the annulment of marriages, which were genuine marriages according to the law of the land, in the length of time that the union lasted, and that there were children.

The Church annulled these marriages because certain of her technicalities were not observed. It is interesting to note that this happens only among the well known and the wealthy. A pertinent example of this fact is known to the writer, and in all its details substantiated.

Dissolution of a marriage was granted by the Church to a middle-aged couple, upon the technical basis that it was not a Roman Catholic marriage. Both parties were Protestant, but the corespondent was a Catholic, and the annulment was achieved by the very timely discovery that the wife had been baptized into the Church when a child; though she always had considered herself a Methodist until the annulment was desired.

Her new husband, narrating this, said, with a twinkle in his eye, " It was a fortunate discovery "—" but," rubbing his thumb and index finger together, " it cost a lot of money, and it was Protestant money," he added with a chuckle.

It is also a lamentable fact that in Roman Catholic countries where no divorce is allowed, the result is that men have mistresses; and illegitimate children are worse off than children from a broken home.

On the whole, however, the attitude of the Church is salutary, in spite of these exceptional cases and the resultant bastardization of children; for in America, not only is the number of divorces growing, but the number of mistresses also.

The Church's position regarding birth control is open to the criticism of the eugenist; although birth control is also under fire aimed at it by competent scientific marksmen outside the Church.

Its culture is not only ethical in its relation to family life, it is a social culture, it stresses and attains unity, realizable, however, only within and through the Church, which has mitigated national and racial, and, to a lesser degree, social antagonisms.

Before her altars there are no black or white, German or French, rich or poor. All are her children. The universal language of the ritual, with its Holy Mass, and the rigid, immovable, centralized authority have been valid aids in the unification of mankind.

This unity, which was so dramatically presented at the recent Eucharistic Congress, has, however, not interfered with wars between Roman Catholic nations. First, because the Church is herself a temporal state, and claims equal rights with other states, and has defended and may again defend this right with the sword; but more, because even so vital a culture as the Roman Catholic has yielded everywhere to the cult of patriotism which, with its powerful appeal to the atavistic impulses of humanity has overcome the later and weaker impulse of religious altruism.

Killing is still more natural than saving, especially as

in war this impulse can be masked by fine words and the promise of national immortality. The good Catholic is everywhere a good patriot. German Catholics in the late War invaded Belgium and, obedient to military command, aimed their guns at cathedrals and priests. Romanists are never pacifists in the sense in which that word carries a stigma. They are usually good fighters—though that may be racial, especially in the Irish.

The Church is militant and rather likes the decorative effect of military uniforms. The writer has seen a military Mass celebrated in Warsaw, Poland, on ascension day, in honour of Napoleon's death, and one was not sure what was celebrated—the ascent of Jesus or the descent of Napoleon. Guns and church-bells, the Church ritual and military formation blended, without discord.

In all fairness it must be said, that the Church has never yielded her place of supremacy to the State. She is supranational, but that does not say that her members are not good citizens.

The difficulty with unity under the system is, that it implies complete submission to the Church, and there will be a considerable part of mankind unwilling or unable to pay the price.

Its culture is æsthetic, and the arts flourish where it is dominant. Life is lifted over the rough places by beauty; it colours the grey places and makes pageantry out of the commonplace.

The Roman Catholic village of Oberammergau and the surrounding region are worthy of a visit, especially

when there is no Passion Play. There, Roman Catholic culture has produced æsthetic values visible in the faces and bearing of ordinary peasants and their children, in the monumental and exquisite churches and in the picturesque wayside shrines.

The struggle with the soil in such communities is robbed of its meanness by colourful festivities, and commercialism has not been able to bribe Oberammergau into selling its birthright for "a mess of millions."

It is true that in some Catholic communities crimes against art have been committed in the name of the Church architecture, and interiors are often garish and in bad taste; but they can be easily forgiven when one remembers the iconoclasm following the Reformation, the results seen in churches and chapels and the drabness of life which ensued.

Roman Catholic culture, then, is religious, with ethical, social and national implications. It is, however, concerned wholly with the human soul, and subordinates everything to it. It develops saints and obedient children of the Church, unswerving in their faith, heroic and devoted in the service of mankind. It is a culture of beauty and the joy of living, the joy reverberating into sadness. The Cross stands over the empty tomb; there are more misereres than hallelujahs. It is a stable culture, and creates the sense of power. Loyalty, however, may degenerate into docility, and its sense of assurance into fanaticism and intolerance.

Its culture is dignified, assured of the reality of the spiritual life, and it is profound in the religious sense. It will not produce prophets, but priests,—for the

prophet seeks truth regardless of institutions; the priest seeks power to maintain them. The prophet wants to make the ritual moral—the priest wants to make morals ritual. The prophet wants to remove everything which stands between man and God—the priest wants to mediate between them.

Roman Catholic culture is conservative and maybe as essential for human progress as Protestant culture, whose keynote is freedom.

Conservatism, when it becomes reactionary, leads to the stagnation of culture, and freedom, where it becomes anarchy, to disintegration. It is not possible to bring about a balance between them as long as Protestants believe that a Catholic cannot be a good citizen, and Catholics believe that a Protestant cannot be a good Christian.

To shut out a Catholic from political privileges merely because he is a Catholic, may be more disastrous to the unity of the State than shutting out a Protestant from the kingdom of heaven; for the kingdom of heaven will come in spite of this cultural antagonism, but a worthy American culture will not come without the hearty co-operation of both Roman Catholics and Protestants in all matters which concern the society and the State; but that happy day seems far away.

IX

ROMAN CATHOLIC POWER AND PROTESTANT FEAR

ROMAN Catholicism, which is one of the most highly specialized religious cults, cannot be fully understood by the non-Catholic; but it can at least be analyzed and honestly and sympathetically interpreted by one who is Catholic-minded, using Catholic in the sense in which the Church would repudiate the meaning of the word: namely, universal-mindedness; an ability or a willingness to understand the various ways in which religion expresses itself in its forms and ceremonies, and in the effect of its teachings upon individuals and society.

To interpret religion, even one's own, is difficult, because religious feelings rise from great depths, and religious practices which are full of meaning to the worshipper may be meaningless to the outsider.

Forms and ceremonies which are hallowed by the past may seem primitive and grotesque, and the resultant culture may be so manifold, so many-sided and contradictory that the interpretation may bring hurt to the souls of the pious or add weapons to the richly-equipped arsenal of the enemies of religion.

Neither of these results is here intended; but only such an interpretation of Roman Catholicism, its resultant culture and the attitude of non-Catholics toward

it, as will be free from the bias of the apologist and from the prejudice of the antagonist. From bias, "good Lord deliver us!" Against prejudice, prayers seem to be of no avail.

The prejudice against the Catholic is not racial. Even Nordics in considerable numbers are of that faith; but it is not less intense than against Negroes and Jews. In the scale of prejudices the Roman Catholic usually comes third, but in fears regarding the State, the public schools and what is called Americanism he heads the list.

The Negro may be held down, the Jew may be shut out, but the Catholic belongs to a Church which is a visible world power, a State with its potentate, and a well-organized hierarchy which has political as well as spiritual aspirations, and therefore is inimical to the Democratic State and to personal freedom.

In the opinion of the prejudiced Protestant, the Catholic cannot be a loyal citizen to the Republic because he is a subject of another State, whose ruler resides in Rome, and to him he owes the supremest allegiance. It is a power which the Ku Klux Klan is fighting with its own weapons—ritual, secrecy, world-wide organization; even a supreme potentate.

If the Protestant is not prejudiced, he is nevertheless perplexed, for he sees in the Roman Catholic a man who calls himself a Christian, yet who believes a religion which seems fundamentally different from his own.

The forms of worship are so distinct that with the eye, the ear, and even the sense of smell, one knows when one is in its presence.

If the non-Romanist has a deeply religious nature he knows that he is in a holy place, though it bears definite and unmistakable Catholic characteristics. Once in a while he is reminded of a Buddhist temple or of an Orthodox Jewish synagogue, but the resemblance is soon lost in the purely Catholic aspect of worship. There is a richer appeal to the senses, a nobler structure of service and a compulsion of reverence, or at least of silence.

Nevertheless, no matter how spiritually sensitive he may be, the non-Catholic finds himself a religious alien in a Roman Catholic Church, and a stranger to the religious experience of the Catholic.

It is the predominance of form, the liturgy in an ancient language, the monotonous and to him meaningless chantings; the preaching which is frequently poor and concerned largely with only Catholic aspects of faith, which lead even the open-minded Protestant to the belief that Roman Catholicism is exclusively ritualistic, æsthetic and external, and its resultant culture of low ethical value.

The man to whom the services are familiar does not fall into the same error, but he may be so caught in the technique of worship, or so intoxicated by the wealth of its æsthetic manifestations that his soul remains on the Catholic surface and he never becomes Roman Catholic cultured in any significant sense. This is frequently true of the laity and in a lesser degree of the clergy.

The Church tries to guard against it by exercising its teaching function incessantly and arduously; but catechisms taught by rote and great doctrines repeated

without a chance to critically challenge their meaning, may be just another trap which leaves many Roman Catholics spiritually illiterate.

The impression prevalent among many Protestants, of the cultural inferiority of the Church, is partly due to the fact that, especially in the United States, it ministers to the masses, among whom are numbers of poor, ignorant foreigners, and because it is religiously supreme in Central and South America and among other backward nations.

Moreover, Roman Catholicism seems esoteric to the Protestant, in contrast with his own faith. There seems to be a great gulf between what laymen believe and what the priest knows; for the priest is not only divinely ordained, he is also specially initiated. There are many practices in the Church which seem to be of equal importance, but among which, in fact, there is a great difference, for some are allowed and some are tolerated while others are commanded, and the law, which differentiates and decides, may be very profound though it seems to the Protestant only subtle and evasive. Ecclesiastical lawyers within that Church are great logicians and very often their logic seems to the outsider keener than their ethical evaluation.

To add to this misunderstanding and confusion, the Reformation is too vivid in the memory of both Roman Catholics and Protestants. Great religious, social and political changes were then introduced, which are still operative and which constantly emphasize these differences.

Church history, even if written recently, is not free

from prejudice, for it records a turbulent time, when men were inhuman toward each other in the defense of their faith, and in maintaining the prestige and power of the Church against heretics.

These prejudices have been handed down in an unmodified form to the present generation, and the enmity between the Mother Church and her errant daughter has grown, in spite of the fact that religion does not control men's actions as much as it did then, or hold their imagination so powerfully. So intense, however, are these prejudices that war between Roman Catholics and Protestants is not unthinkable and seems imminent, to the most narrow-minded and bigoted.

There are Protestants whose religious zeal is manifested only in this whole-hearted disapproval of the Mother Church and in the fear of its power; and there are Roman Catholics who thank God most because they are not as these Protestants who do not belong to their Church and therefore cannot enter their heaven.

The adoration of the Virgin, the belief in her immaculate conception, the intercessory prayers to the saints; the faith in miraculous cures in places of pilgrimage and the infallibility of the Pope, represent to the average Protestant the sum of the Roman Catholic's belief.

He does not believe that Roman Catholics are bad people, but that they are deluded or deceived; he does not fear them from the physical standpoint, as he does Negroes, or suspect them as he does the Jews; but he fears and suspects the Church. If he fears the indi-

vidual it is only because he is obedient in all things to the Church.

There is much in the nature of the Church, in its practices, in its attitude toward other faiths and toward the State, which gives rise to these fears of Protestants in general; and this includes the prejudiced, the perplexed, and those who are trying to understand Romanism sympathetically.

Moreover, that Church is the great rival of Protestantism in America. It is the most powerful religious organization, not only numerically but by its vitality, cohesion and the loyalty it knows how to inspire in its members.

The Protestant churches, on the other hand, are divided, not only into numerous sects but also into the irreconcilable division between Fundamentalists and Modernists.

The Roman Catholic Church does not oppose the Protestant Church by any organized propaganda, but by the whole weight of its being. It is evidently not worried about the Protestant Church, but worries it by outwardly ignoring it, while inwardly powerfully resisting its influence. It does not fear the Protestant Church, it knows its weaknesses and the strength of its own Church; it pities the Protestant Church, and that is worse.

As Britain rests her faith in Gibraltar to keep her way open to the Mediterranean, so the Roman Catholic Church rests its faith upon Peter's rock to keep its way open to the ultimate spiritual conquest of the world. The faith in its unconquerable strength does

not rest itself upon great guns but upon a great divine promise: "The gates of hell shall not prevail against it;" although it cannot be said that the Church neglects her defences, only she is not nervous about them. This massive, unperturbed front drives Protestants into preparedness, and makes them nervous. The public schools and public offices are the outer bulwarks which are being defended against her aggressions.

The Roman Catholic Church often stands apart from the American community and from its political life. It co-operates at times, then frigidly withdraws itself. It is in America but not of it. Many of its priests are aliens, not merely in the sense of not being citizens, but they are foreigners in spirit. They have no contact with the community and do not desire it; they are the rulers of colonies, and they are obeyed, revered, loved and feared.

This is not true of the Irish clergy, because the Irish never consider themselves foreigners in America. Ultimately all of them are touched by the American spirit; but to the Protestant, whose religious devotion expresses itself in his patriotism, they never reach the necessary one hundred per cent of patriotic perfection.

Many of the priests and some of the bishops resist any effort to Americanize their flock, either from a genuine admiration of the particular national culture which they guard, because they have greater influence with their people if they glorify their cultural inheritance, or because they believe that Americanization leads to insubordination.

It does not increase the peace of the American Prot-

estant when he sees Roman Catholic national societies marching through the streets of his city, even though they carry the American flag beside their colourful banners.

The Roman Catholic Church has all the aspects of a foreign church; with its Irish bishops, Polish and Italian priests and millions of unAmericanized communicants, whose national ideals it is protecting, sometimes with a zeal equal to their religious ideals. In fact, to many of these groups their nationality is inseparable from their Church.

Nevertheless, the Irish regard themselves as superior to the Italian members of the Church. They are the Americans, and as proud of their arrival at Castle Garden, and not at Ellis Island, as the descendants of the Mayflower of their landing in Plymouth Harbour. "Mass will be celebrated at such and such a time for Americans (this means the Irish) and at another time for Italians," announced from a Catholic pulpit, is indicative of the Irish superiority complex.

With the Irish, the Poles and the French Canadian immigrants the Church, in spite of its internationalism, is in political co-operation for the preservation of their nationality, not only abroad but also in this country. If they vote, and this is one of the civic duties which the Irish do not neglect, it is often the Democratic ticket, and they always vote against political measures which seem to encroach upon their peculiar national culture or the influence and power of their Church.

While there are occasions where this resistance is justified, especially when Americanization becomes a

mania; yet at times the Church cannot escape the charge that its general influence is anti-social and un-American, as in the decisive vote of Roman Catholics in New England against the Child Labour Law.

It is this uncertain line between Church and State, which the Roman Catholic Church crosses, and then zealously guards—which gives the American Protestant an uneasy feeling and makes it difficult for him to overcome his fears.

The Church, however, is not uninfluenced by this new environment as the more ardent ecclesiastics desire, or as its Protestant opponents believe; for while its forms and its essential teachings have remained the same, many of its practices and beliefs have either dropped away or have been greatly modified. The Roman Catholic in America may be as devoted as he was in his own country, but he is less credulous; he may be as loyal to his priest, but he is less afraid of him. The priest may insist upon his prerogative as a shepherd, but his parishioner refuses to always be a sheep.

Newspapers, public libraries, lectures, the evening schools, the colleges and universities have created an atmosphere in which these modifications were unavoidable, and the Church has been wise enough to adjust its machinery to the new conditions, even if the product is not such as it may desire.

It has given scope to the demand for athletic, social and fraternal organizations which the Protestant Church and the American community have fostered. It has its lodges, its Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. under

other names. The Knights of Columbus, numerous Sick and Benefit Associations, and alas! in many of its newer churches the kitchen is not far from the altar. Attendance upon oyster suppers is as periodic as upon the Holy Communion, and the Ladies' Sodalities have markets and hold bazaars. The priest is less of a mystic and more of a hustler; he is more conscious of numbers and size, a common American disease. Occasionally he appears on the Chautauqua platform, and while the use of a bicycle has been discouraged, he now drives a car and may have special privileges as to speeding, granted by grace of the traffic policeman.

The individual American Roman Catholic, due to the incomparable pedagogy of the Church, has not been influenced so much by the new movements in philosophy and psychology as by the American spirit; the evil in it more, perhaps, than the good. He is rising socially more by virtue of his new economic power than by the attainment of American culture. The Irish have risen from the section gang to the presidency of the railroad, from digging the foundation of the skyscrapers to riveting the great towers and owning them.

Other Roman Catholic immigrants, notably the Italians, have not only followed their example, but have done better; they have gone into the real estate business, own whole city blocks and gouge their own poor as mercilessly as those of other faiths.

This material wellbeing has done more for their Americanization than all the efforts of patriotic societies. His material freedom and his wealth make the Roman Catholic more a power in the Church, less

a tool, less spiritually-minded and less subject to control.

In the Old World the priest had only one Lord, Count or Baron, the patron of the Church whom he could not "boss." Now he has dozens of them, and but few of his members are so poor that they are without pride and self-respect.

The dollar is the most powerful agency for Americanization. It represents freedom, power and sometimes growing intelligence. It is the greatest enemy of Roman Catholic power, but also of its culture; for that culture has as its ultimate aim, the development of saints, and its great concern is to make the human soul worthy of heaven; but the saints have all died poor, and it is easier, according to Jesus, for a "camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven." There is, as yet, no American saint in the Roman Catholic calendar, and the outlook does not seem promising in this particular period of American civilization, for the soul of man has shrunk to almost nothing, not so much because of behaviourism, a psychology which has done away not only with the soul but with nearly all instincts, and has left man but a lump of protoplasm—but also because of the consuming desire for material accomplishment and wellbeing.

A discerning Frenchman, Andrè Sigfried, who has seen America keenly and analytically, writes thus: "No matter where we turn, every day materialism is tending to encroach on spiritual life. Neither Protestantism nor Catholicism nor Judaism is threatened from

without by aggressive disbelief, for even the Agnostics, though numerous, maintain the Protestant outlook on moral problems. They like its background and are not hostile in any way.

"Neither is Catholicism likely to capture the country in spite of its undeniable vigour, for it would be prevented by secular traditions.

"In America the dominant force that is threatening to carry everything before it, Protestant, Catholic and Jew, is an obsession for tangible and material accomplishment."

This may not allay the American Protestant's fear about Catholic power; but it at least ought to direct his attention to the fact that Roman Catholics, Jews and Protestants have one common enemy—materialism —the enemy of all spiritual culture.

X

ROOT, TRUNK AND BRANCH

A ROMAN Catholic taunt which the writer used to hear in his boyhood was: "The Jews are the root, the Catholics are the trunk and the Protestants are the branches and the leaves." The end of the taunt cannot be repeated here, for it consigned the leaves too realistically to vulgar uses.

The family tree of the three dominant religions in the Western world as thus drawn, whose purpose was the exaltation of the Roman Catholic Church as the trunk, is of course correct, though it does not mention the fruit, which usually grows on the branches and in with the leaves.

Both Catholics and Protestants acknowledge the Jewish root, they feed upon its moral resources, they feel the prophetic sap surging up through trunk, branch and leaf. They separate from it at the point of the canonization of the Old Testament. From there on, Judaism goes its own Jewish and less universal way. The root is sound but it needs all its strength to sustain itself. It spreads far, it feeds less on the sun than on the narrow ghetto air or on the earth, and what fruit it produces looks gnarled and has a musty taste. Judaism continues its cultural development as the suffering nation, rejecting the Christian, Messianic realization in

Jesus, thus saving its inveterate nationalism but never again producing spiritual values of universal worth.

Protestantism, which grows out of the Roman Catholic trunk, breaks with Christian tradition and the resultant culture, when the Church becomes Papal and Roman. It begins its own life with the various prereformatory movements or with the Reformation, and whenever a new branch grows into a church or a denomination.

Judaism is the root, vital and seemingly indestructible.

Roman Catholicism is the trunk, growing taller or thicker, the result of relentless pruning of the inevitable new growth. It regards itself as unchangeable, yet produces constant changes.

Protestantism is a branch or rather branches, some of them, like Lutheranism and the Church of England, growing into rival trunks with seemingly no contact with each other above the root, others growing labyrinthically into each other in the struggle for a "place in the sun." American Protestantism is culturally more Jewish than Roman Catholicism. It accepts or accepted the Old Testament with Jewish literalness. Its God is the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob; unashamedly it names its children after them and other Old Testament worthies, and the Sarahs, Rachels, Miriams and Rebekahs continue to grow up in American homes, while the Jews forsake the mothers in Israel and name their children Maude, Arabella, Genevieve, Joan or whatever is the fashion in feminine names.

For the last two hundred years the spiritual and sci-

entific interpretation of the Old Testament has been made almost exclusively by German, American and English Protestant scholars who illumined it so that it has become a new book; while the Orthodox Jews have neglected it for the *Talmud,* the Reformed Jews for philosophy or psychology, and those who are just Jews, for the *Clothing Trade Journal.*

Protestantism accepted the Jewish Sabbath, and Orthodox Jews might still find it in out-of-the-way Christian homes, Jewish in form and spirit, though they would quarrel with it because its time is twenty-four hours behind their schedule. There are Protestant sects which make the observance of the Sabbath on the seventh day the point of departure from other denominations, and a test of loyalty to the Word of God.

Protestantism rejected the Old Testament dietary laws, though New England baked beans have a distinct Jewish flavour, minus the pork. The invention of baked beans has saved the Jews and American Protestants from breaking the Sabbath; but it has increased the gloom of religion by putting more labour upon the digestive organs. Besides the enforced rest from all manner of work on the Sabbath, American Protestantism shared with Judaism in frowning upon worldly pleasures and also in the resultant casuistry which often degenerated into hypocrisy; the strict observance of the Sabbath gave both a sense of the social worth of man and the exaltations of the spirit over the flesh. Judaism and American Protestantism share with each other the acceptance of prosperity as a result of right-

eousness; the obligation to give of one's wealth to the less fortunate or less righteous, and the retardation of artistic taste and skill due to the commandment against the making and worship of idols.

The Protestant meeting house is closely related to the synagogue while the Roman Catholic Church is the continuation of the Holy Temple. The synagogue is a place of meeting. The reading and expounding of the Scripture is the central act. In the meeting house the preaching occupies a larger place, though they both have the same homiletic method. It starts from a text a portion of the Scriptures and then may wander "all over God's heaven and earth." The fast-vanishing Amens of the Methodist Church are often heard in the Orthodox synagogue, but dissent is also voiced there, and the rabbi does not have it all his own way as the preacher has.

Worship in the Reformed synagogue does not differ much from that in the liberal, Protestant Church. The English language is generally used and Hebrew prayers, which are few, mark the only outward difference. Meeting house and synagogue quarrels have the same root; they occur over the like or dislike for the preacher, the overbearing conduct of the largest financial supporters, and other more or less trivial reasons, and have to be accepted as the result of the democratic doctrine of the equality of all believers.

Protestant culture in America is, then, Jewish culture, broader, richer and more spiritual on the whole. The Prophet Isaiah would be more at home among Protestant clergymen than among Jewish rabbis,

though he might be at odds with both. He certainly is better known and better understood among Protestants than among Jews. Among the Jews he is merely another illustrious Jew to help make up the spiritual deficiency of the race; among Protestants he is one of the foreshadowers of Jesus who suffered for the sins of the nation. The Psalmist, too, would hear himself more often quoted, and his message upon the wings of song more effectively projected.

The best of the older English and American literature had its inspiration in the Old Testament, though now quotations from the Holy Book fall upon the deaf ears of Christian and Jewish youth alike. Protestant culture in America is, of course, differentiated from Jewish culture by the effect of the New Testament upon it, more by the Pauline Epistles, however, than by the Gospels, and by Augustinian and Calvinistic theology. Both share in the effects of the scientific spirit which has thus far resulted in cultural decay rather than new growth. Protestant culture lacks the note of pathos so prevalent in that of the Jews as well as of the Roman Catholics. Protestants sing, they rarely chant. The most dramatic incidents are often sung to rollicking tunes. The poetry is rarely spiritually significant, the music often spoils what the words mean to convey, and the worshipper leaves the church either liking the music or hating it; he is rarely profoundly moved by it. Much of the music is like an ornament bought in a five and ten cent store, cheap and in poor taste.

Spiritually, Protestantism is not profound enough because it is too combative and so, seldom reflective.

"Onward, Christian Soldiers, Marching as to War," is a tune often sung because it matches the fighting mood of the preacher. Religion in the Protestant conception is not so much the result of opening one's life to great spiritual influences, as doing something, especially fighting some real or apparent evil. The Christian life is conceived as a warfare against sin and perhaps too often against the sins of other people. Christian Science has made such inroads upon American Protestantism because its cult results in poise and peace. It makes its devotees one with the great spiritual forces of the universe, and not just one with a hustling church where the work consists largely in contributing money or baking a cake for the church supper. The sufferings and the death of Christ do not make the profound impression upon the Protestant mind that they do upon the Roman Catholic or that the suffering of their race makes upon the Jews.

The Lord's Supper, one of the few remaining sacraments in the Protestant churches, is celebrated casually. The preacher is rarely in the priestly mood; he must be thinking of the new members to be received or the babies to be baptized before the sacred service, and the congregation often feels little or no sense of spiritual transubstantiation in partaking of the elements. This may be due to the fact that Protestants in modern times have not suffered persecution for their faith, or perhaps to the prevailing optimism in America with its belief in improvements and its faith in progress. Protestantism has no Day of Atonement. The Jews have at least one day in the year

when they bewail their sins, Catholics have the confessional, do penance and strictly observe the sober season of Lent.

Protestantism, like Judaism, is prophetic rather than priestly, like Roman Catholicism. Its access to God is direct and immediate, though it has become hesitant about the directness through science, and doubtful about God, through psychology.

Protestant culture, especially when it is derived from Calvinism, is Jewish also in its confidence in heredity. Protestants are of the chosen ones, and when they sing "Ye Chosen Seed of Israels Race," they mentally substitute the Anglo-Saxon. If anything, Protestantism in America is racially more dogmatic than Judaism. The Jew asks only circumcision of the flesh as the price of admission into the Commonwealth of Israel. Protestantism asks for complete Americanization. The foreigner is a foreigner as long as there is a trace of accent in his speech, and a tinge of colour is never forgiven. The presence of a black Jew in a synagogue (there are black Jews) would excite curiosity; the presence of a Negro in a church is resented, and if a Negro attends a white man's church he usually has plenty of room in the pew.

Race prejudice has not been very much modified by Protestant preaching of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. The proof is that the Ku Klux Klan could grow in the Protestant churches, and though it was recognized as a cancer by many clergymen, a goodly number of them helped to spread it as if it were the Balm of Gilead. Protestantism is more Jewish than

Roman Catholic and its culture more American than Christian.

Nationalism and religion blend in American Protestantism to the loss of the latter. Patriotism and godliness are often interchangeable. Protestantism in time of war declares a moratorium upon Christian ethics without a twinge of conscience, sometimes with a passionate glow, and while the cross is often absent from the church, the flag has found a permanent place on the rostrum. Jesus, the Son of God, easily becomes "The Man Whom Nobody Knows," or ever knew, except the promoter of big business. The Protestant preacher is usually regarded as most successful, not when he is most spiritually profound or when he is a physician for sick souls; but when he attracts the bargain hunters for cheap entertainment, or when there is numerical gain and the cash account balances. Then the congregation sings the Doxology at the annual meeting, and when they do not the preacher begins to look for another place.

Nationalism among the Jews is a revived cult and manifests itself in Zionism; but there are as many or more Jews who are not Zionists, and a Jew's account with his Maker is not on the debit side if he is not praying or paying for the establishment of a Jewish Commonwealth.

By the break with the Roman Catholic Church Protestantism has lost many cultural values, though the gain is considerable. It has lost centuries fruitful in profound scholarship; but it has also lost many hampering myths and vapid legends. It lost holy saints

and their benign influence as well as many insipid ones whose sufferings were self-imposed and their merit as questionable as their carefully-guarded remains. It has lost great Popes and their superb statesmanship which lifted the Church above temporal states, and left them unaffected by their rise and fall; but it also lost wicked ones who were as stupid as they were venal. It lost monasticism and inwardness, but took no flight from reality and the facing of world problems. It lost a proved mechanics of worship, but also much mummery and a fruitless grinding of wheels. It lost contact with a highly-developed pedagogy, superb insight into the souls of all sorts of men, the strength which comes from a sense of unity and the feeling of security which comes from Roman Catholic authority and universality.

Protestantism gained openness to new spiritual experiences, the development of a higher ethical consciousness, a greater feeling of social responsibility, and more regard for the rights and nobility of the individual. It does not produce saints in the Catholic sense, but characters. Count Keyserling says of it, "I know few things more coarse, less spiritually satisfying than the religious dogmas of Calvinism. The faith of the meanest Catholic peasant is spiritually higher than that of the cultured Protestant. It has nevertheless created a type of man who excels in moral value all other Christian types.

"Calvinistic Protestantism is the religion of action, the greatest stimulus to initiative, to progress and the self-reliant organization of life."

The dominant note, then, in Protestant culture is action. It gives the individual a chance to express himself as a human being and to organize society for practical ends. Protestantism has not canonized its saints, it takes no official notice of them; but it has created great and valuable individuals—self-controlled, straightforward men and women,—not materialists, but idealists, who believe that this world could be made a better place to live in and who are willing to pay the price. Protestants have created wealth, perhaps more than any other religious group, but they have also consecrated their wealth to idealistic purposes more than any other group. Protestant culture is optimistic, it faces the impossible with assurance that it can be made possible.

It accepts nothing in human society as fixed, everything is capable of change and perfection. This Protestant optimism is the basis of the democratic ideal which has given mankind a chance, and a hope, and it has achieved more in the development of personality than the aristocratic ideal which seems to be again gaining ascendency and which is making Roman Catholicism dominant at a time of general religious lethargy. Out of this optimism has sprung the reformer habit which at its best is a glorious adventure, and at its worst an awful nuisance; Protestant culture is ethical, narrowly and often bitterly so; but it cuts deep and lasts long, and its intolerance may be a necessary check to Hedonism and the prevalent sex materialism. It is rarely humble, but it escapes docility. If the meek are to "inherit the earth," Christ did not mean

that they would be American Puritan Protestants. The Protestant stands erect before God and accepts Him as a partner in making a better world. The derided "*Ich und Gott*" comes from the Protestant posture.

Protestant culture is militant. It is not national, like Jewish culture, or supra-national, like the Roman Catholic—it accepts the State as a partner and more often as its Lord. It has developed no rigid, effective technique because it has trusted the intelligence of mankind too much; nor has it developed any adequate cure of souls. Protestant culture and the scientific spirit are of the same essence and they face the modern world together,—not abreast, but tandem, science leading and the second horse balking and shying, especially when it hears the word Evolution. However, it gradually adjusts itself to science and walks by its side in a reconciling mood.

To recapitulate: Jewish culture is a national and religious culture. Its root is its vital tradition, beginning with God and remaining in God. The note of Jewish culture is pathos; pathos reverberating into joyousness. Emotionally it is intense, sacrificial, Messianic. Its aim is the preservation of the race, that justice may prevail upon the earth.

Roman Catholic culture is a purely religious culture. It is rooted in tradition and is maintained by authority. It is unyielding, like a tree trunk; it bends before storms but does not break. It brings forth branches which it cuts off, and fruit which it rejects. Its mood is a mingling of subdued joyousness and sadness. Its

aim is to preserve The Church and prepare the souls of men for Heaven.

Protestant culture is ethico-religious. Its mood is militant and hopeful. It is rooted in tradition, outgrows authority, and fruits into freedom. It produces characters, not saints, and its goal is the Kingdom of Heaven upon the earth.

Root, trunk and branches are not as alien to each other as they think. The divine forces pulse through all of them; and though they are not alike, they are parts of the same tree. They have their individual functions but the same aim—to grow fruit.

Stupidity, cupidity and fanaticism have gnawed at the root, they have attacked the trunk, and have dried up the branches.

Root, trunk and branches ought not to quarrel with each other, for, after all, they each contribute to the growth of the fruit, and that ought to be their grave concern, especially in these days when religious culture is being neglected for the purely secular. Protestants can get no worthwhile gain by deriding the Jews or by opposing the Catholics. They have to live together, grow together and be rivals only, in producing the best sort of cultural fruit fitted for the use of this critical age.

XI

BRANCHES WHICH ARE TRUNKS

THE very variety of Protestant churches in the United States has made a summary of their culture values difficult. Most of them shared in the inherited Puritan outlook upon life which was deepened by the rise of the Methodist and the subsequent Evangelical movement which, however, has decreased, owing to the growth of city life with its disintegrating cosmopolitanism.

The churches which were transplanted directly from the Old World and served the earlier and later immigrant groups have shared more or less in what was left of Puritan culture, and have oftener increased than diminished it.

German Methodists have remained more ardently Evangelical than their American or English preaching brethren, and the taboo against worldliness which they have removed by common consent still lingers among the Germans.

The small groups of Roumanian, Hungarian and Slovak Methodists and Baptists have gone back to the early days of the denominational struggle, and primitive Christianity in belief and practice persists among them. Those who have returned to the Old World have suffered persecutions and have intensified the

Evangelical movement in non-Protestant countries or communities. To a degree this is also true of the Lutheran churches, though by their very historic position, beliefs and practices they have great affinity with Roman Catholicism. Lutheranism in the United States is a cultural trunk, though its divisions make it a mass of intertwining branches.

Many of the synods share the Evangelical viewpoint. The most orthodox keep themselves completely aloof, and are as dogmatic in guarding their doctrinal and traditional inheritance as the Roman Catholic Church, with which they share the privilege of maintaining parochial schools where Old World culture is treasured, at least in teaching the language of their respective fatherlands.

Lutheran culture is intellectually deeper than Evangelical culture, spiritually loftier and socially narrower. Conservative Lutherans in the United States share the Old World view as to the otherworldliness of religion. The world, the flesh and the devil are evil, and the soul must guard against them. Life is a series of compromises and one has to get along with them as one best may. Lutherans of this unyielding type look upon the State as the unquestioned authority on worldly matters. It governs and always will govern by force, and the New Testament with its appeal to love as the constraining element, is not to be taken literally: The Lutheran is to give his arm and his heart to the State, and his soul is not to come in conflict with it. The ruler governs by divine right but not necessarily by divine rules.

Lutherans are not optimistic but cynical about hu-

man society. Society is not reformable and the ultra-conservative synods in the United States have not shared in any of the reform movements.

The minister preaches the Gospel according to the Augsburg Confession. He baptizes children and prepares them for confirmation; he performs marriage ceremonies and officiates at funerals. He is as isolated as the Roman Catholic priest and never shares in union meetings or concerted movements in the churches. He is apt to be a cool, dignified, unemotional individual, very much like Lutheran Church architecture—stiff and reserved. He does not bother much about the tares in the wheat; he awaits the call to heaven, which is his and his flock's, not by works or merit, but by faith.

The mood of Lutheranism is found in Luther's magnificent hymn, "A Mighty Fortress is Our God." A calm confidence in the all-sufficient worth of the sacrifice of Jesus, by which and through which souls are saved.

Most of the synods maintain colleges which are both Lutheran and national: German, Swedish, Norwegian, Danish, as the case may be. Many of them are small and poorly endowed, and are maintained at great financial sacrifice. One professor has to occupy many chairs and he is usually an ardent, devoted teacher whose Old World training is thorough. The students are as a rule splendid, human material, and if their institutions do not rival the richer American colleges in athletics, they excel in music, some of them, like St. Olafs of Northfield, Minnesota, having attained a superb, national reputation.

Lutherans in the United States, being on the whole conservative, represent a great Protestant reserve, a cultural rear-guard keeping watch *within* the *fortress* over the spiritual gifts of the Reformation and heavily armed against the disintegrating effects of modernism, and their age-old foe, Roman Catholicism.

The Episcopal Church has an unique if not a difficult place on the family tree, as drawn by the Roman Catholic taunt quoted in the preceding chapter. Never having broken with the apostolic succession, drawing upon the full strength of Roman Catholic tradition, to the degree that it is high, low or broad, it withdraws from the Mother Church. To that degree also it has retained the sacraments and the ritual. It binds and looses on earth and in heaven, it opens and shuts the gates of heaven; but in the liberal English sense and not with the Imperial Roman spirit.

Its cultural inheritance is English—Cambridge and Oxford English rather than Scrooby or Epworth English. It is English Cathedral culture, not English Meeting House culture; the spirit of the Bishops and Archbishops of Canterbury and Winchester, not of Bunyan and Wesley.

Its cultural influence in America has been more upon architecture than upon the religious life; upon society of the mythical "four hundred" rather than of the actual millions. It is now influencing ritual in the Evangelical churches more than their life of devotion. It has guarded Christianity against revivalists and the traffic in souls, it has maintained dignity but has lost in warmth; it has escaped the shallowness of emotion-

alism but it has not quite gained the depth of Roman Catholic mysticism.

It is a bridge, a one-way bridge mostly between Protestantism and Roman Catholicism, a way of escape for those who want to travel a personally-conducted tour from earth to heaven, usually *de luxe* instead of in the humble, democratic way of their fathers. Its greatest value lies not in its depth but in its breadth; it has ample room for Sacramentarians and Evangelicals; for the Catholic-minded and those who are uncompromising Protestants. While the Episcopal Church has not escaped heresy trials it does not enjoy the sport of hunting heretics.

Its clergymen are apt to hold American culture in its aristocratic English mould. The rector is rarely a "hail fellow well met." His clerical garb and his bearing protect him from being slapped on the shoulder or being called by his first name by fellow-Rotarians. He is not a Methodist "brother" and he aspires to the dignity of the Roman Catholic Father, though he is often disqualified for the latter by having a family. He cannot always rule his vestry, which is usually made up of the most successful men of affairs in his church; neither can he govern his church with absolute authority. His people are apt to look upon him as a sort of sacrosant pet or a religious butler who must serve well at the table of the Lord and say very little. At present there are few if any great Episcopal preachers who are influencing the religious life of the nation. This is also true of their Bishops, whose names, with one or two notable exceptions, are

not known outside their dioceses. Those who had social vision and religious passion have passed away, and they have no successors. The lamented Bishop Brooks "being dead yet speaketh." His is still a solitary voice. It is becoming more and more true of all churches having the Episcopal system, that their Bishops are chosen neither for their eloquence nor for their piety, but for their business ability and their social qualities.

The State, the Episcopal Church, by its inheritance regards as its partner or protector, and toward the social order it is indulgent. Being rich, it has a hard time entering the conflict for the coming of the kingdom of heaven upon the earth. It produces a religious culture capable of reaching great depth; but seldom succeeding, except perhaps in the Anglican movement or the High Church wing. On the whole, the Episcopal Church is too earthy for the great adventure with God and too respectable for the great adventure with human society.

An outstanding group within Protestantism, and much more of root than trunk or branch, is the Society of Friends, or the Quakers. In numbers insignificant, they have exerted a far-reaching influence upon the cultural life of America in its religious and social aspects. Though to a degree Puritanic, they are not Puritans. Void of all theological preconception, they have come nearest to accepting the teachings of Jesus as contained in the Sermon on the Mount. Once a despised and persecuted minority, they have gained the full respect of the religious world. The Quakers' testi-

mony against slavery and their practice of freeing their slaves in the slave-holding South, had a great influence in abolishing that institution.

Their opposition to war, to the point of a consistent pacifism, is now slowly but surely undermining that great foe of an ascending culture. Sharing in the World War only as they could repair its damage, they helped multitudes to keep their faith in the existence of a God of mercy. They helped to modify a rampant nationalism by their life of devotion among refugees of all nationalities because they asked no questions, gathered no statistics and had no ulterior motive, not even that of saving souls in the Quaker way.

Regulating their own conduct, clinging to a simple but dignified way of living, they have not tried to regulate the conduct of others. When the mystic strain within them was at low ebb their devotion to the alleviation of social ills brought a new stimulus, and may awaken in them the almost silenced voice of God. They are in danger of passing out of the life of America, as their numbers are apparently decreasing. They have either too little Evangelical fervour or too much reticence, and converts are not sought. Those who come, come timidly, not sure that they are welcomed into a communion which has become almost a family affair and in which one not born to the faith feels himself a stranger.

The children of Quakers are not necessarily mystics, and Quakers, fearing to be too insistent with their own children, have not subjected them to a religious training which might bring the desired result.

In the West, many Quaker meetings have not only abandoned silence, they have become as vocal as primitive Methodists and have accepted various theological vagaries. In the East, there are meetings spiritually vocal though silent, and others are silent and dead.

When the last Quaker passes from the scene, which may be only a matter of time, one of the tiny rootlets which nourished the spiritual life of America will have disappeared. They are more needed today than ever. In an age which does not distinguish between civilization and culture, they know almost unerringly the one thing needful. In this too volatile, restless age they have attained poise, and know the "peace which passeth all understanding," but even if they pass away, they have lived consistently if not brilliantly, and while they have made but little contribution to art and letters they have contributed more than their share to the deeper cultural life of the nation.

XII

CONFLICTS AND CONTACTS

THE gibe attributed to the late President Wilson, then of Princeton University, and which was directed at President Butler, of Columbia, with its large numbers of Jewish students, "He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep," is not only a correct quotation from the Old Testament; its implication is good exegesis. Israel kept Jehovah awake, for they were a troublesome people from the time He picked them up in Egypt until He dropped them in the Promised Land.

Jehovah needed all the enginry of nature: Drought, earthquake, grasshoppers; all the paraphernalia of history: slavery, war, invasion, captivity, dispersion, and also His infinite patience to make them fit for the spiritual mission for which He had chosen them.

They were never pliable in the hands of the Creator. He could not quite mould them to His purpose; He could speak through them as a trumpeter blows through his instrument, for they were resonant though not plastic. Their faith was born under star dust and in desert sand, and their fibre was tough as wild hemp and prickly as cactus. Not only did they keep Jehovah awake, but also the people among whom they dwelt;

for they early developed animosities and have lived in frictional contact with their neighbours ever since.

They were a chosen people, not to be sheltered but to be different, and those who are different or believe and act differently are always in conflict with the uniform mass. The "like" dislike the "unlike," prejudices are developed and are handed down from generation to generation as sacred convictions.

There are many chapters in human history which are red from the blood of those slain for no other reason than that they refused to conform. They took gibes and gibbets with the same unconcern, and stood firmly in the faith revealed to them, walking straight in the way marked for them by priest, prophet or Saviour.

All great spiritual values, perhaps all worth while social values, are born out of such conflicts. When the few who have suffered become the many who live securely, they in turn become persecutors, not producers of culture. The sense of racial, national or religious worth is retained long after the productive period is passed, and pride is nourished by legends, truth is treasured in shibboleths, faith is kept holy by dogmas and superiority is maintained by caste.

"I thank thee that I am not as other men, even as this Publican," is the mental attitude of even those who have ceased to be thankful for anything else.

To the degree that this prejudice is expressed by injustice, to that degree the victims are regarded as mean, thus justifying one's own meanness. Then the unbelievable becomes believable, the inferiors grow to be superiors in the power for evil, and their attempt to

protect themselves becomes an attempt to overthrow the government or the social order; a handful becomes a thousand, and the weak, all-powerful.

The Jews have suffered from their unwilling neighbours no more than other non-conformists have; only for a much longer time. They enjoyed but a brief period of being masters of the situation in the frame of history. They have always been hammered upon the anvil and have toughened under each stroke. They have outlived all their persecutors except the Church. No contumely heaped upon them could quite make them mean enough for their ostracism from the affairs of men. They have been charged with every crime, and while they have committed many, they are not those for which they have been most persecuted.

As a people loath to shed human blood, they have been accused of murdering Christian children and drinking their blood at the Passover. Incapable of organization among themselves, they are supposed to have organized internationally to overthrow society. Just such and more unbelievable things are credited by most majorities when minorities and majorities are in conflict.

The early Christians, a handful of lowly people, were accused by the mighty Romans of similar crimes, and were thrown to the lions, and when the Church became respectable and powerful, it ruthlessly attacked heretics and threw them to the cruel flames. When the heretics became the Orthodox, they were not much more considerate of facts or of the lives of those who became heretics in their eyes. This habit of believing

cruelly incredible things about the unlike and the uncongenial is very common in human history.

A former student of the writer's, now teaching history in a high school, reported that when she was trying to throw light upon the so-called Dark Ages, one of her pupils told her that Roman Catholics sacrifice Protestant children and drink their blood at Mass. More than ninety per cent of the writer's students come to class, their minds full of impossible, damning stories about Jews, Roman Catholics, Foreigners, Socialists and Bolsheviks, which have been current about Shem, Ham and Japheth whenever they were inconvenient neighbours. Mr. Ford's myth about an international Jewish conspiracy, which he disavowed when he ceased to manufacture the ubiquitous old model, found ready readers in college circles, and in its printed form was placed as a book of reference in many college libraries. At a time when religious prejudices could not be relied upon to produce the proper effect, the economic and biological bugaboos were raised in academic circles.

It is on the whole doubtful that the conflict between Protestants and Jews in the United States arises from religious differences. Of course, the quarrel between the mother and the renegade daughter is not over. The Church and the synagogue are not as yet reconciled. The reading of certain chapters from the New Testament and preaching from certain texts load the Jews anew with the guilt for the historic tragedy out of which the Christian Church was born. The Protestant, unconsciously perhaps, thinks of Jews as bad people because they rejected and crucified their Lord. Prot-

estants do not always realize that had they been in a similar situation, say during the World War, and one great among their number had urged them to give up their one hundred per cent Americanism, they, too, would have chosen to release Barabbas and crucify Jesus. Indeed, in a minor way, Calvary was often repeated during that unhappy period in nearly every so-called Christian community.

Aside from the lingering hurt felt on both sides—the rejection of Jesus and the acceptance of Jesus, devout American Protestants feel no antagonism toward the Jews, but rather a sense of religious kinship with them which they do not feel with Roman Catholics.

The Old Testament, notably the Prophets and the Psalms, is a spiritual and cultural bond which, under the stress of scientific inquiry, has not been weakened. The cultural results are so much alike that a devout rabbi said of a certain Protestant clergyman, "Although the Rev. Mr. X—— is a Christian, he is a better Jew than I am," and the reply honestly uttered was, "Although Rabbi C—— is a Jew, he is a better Christian than myself."

There are Protestant churches in which a Jew can worship in perfect harmony with the Gentile congregation; although he may not join in the singing of the hymns which exalt the Trinity. He also will be mute when the Apostles' Creed is repeated. It is equally true that Protestants listen to the preaching of certain rabbis without being too conscious of the historic break between the two faiths.

As a consequence of this cultural relationship, the

Jews found a more generous welcome in the United States than they have ever received in their historic migrations, and their complete assimilation was only a question of time, until the process was halted by the floodtide of immigration which reached its height before the Great War. The Jews came in vast numbers and there is a point when numbers are quality; for even the best guests are undesirable when they crowd the host's family too much. Moreover, the Jews who came at that time were from the east of Europe; from Russia, Poland and Roumania, and they differed from the Jews who had come from northern Europe as much as the Gentile immigrants from the same countries differed from those who had preceded them.

In a minor degree they are racially different from Western Jews. Among the Eastern Jews there are Tartar and Slavic traces in head-form and facial angle, the cultural differences are greater and are more apparent. They not only brought the ghetto of the Middle Ages with them in speech, ideas and ideals—they also brought the environmental effects of the civilization amid which they had lived for centuries and which the ghetto walls could not shut out.

They had lived in countries in which the national ideal was degraded by unscrupulous officials and where the feeling for right and wrong and mine and thine was not highly developed. The struggle for existence was intense and " Jewing down " was the accepted business ethics. The permission to do business or make any sort of living was by grace of bribes grudgingly given and gladly accepted.

The appearance of these Eastern Jews was as unprepossessing as their behaviour. They wore a distinct garb. Patriarchal beards, and ringlets hanging on each side of the forehead were a sign of piety; cleanliness was not as near to godliness as we Americans regard it; for though they knew their prophets they had not heard of plumbers. They were poor, wretchedly poor, but ambitious, extremely so, and by dint of unremitting labour and simple living, by enslaving themselves, their wives and their children, they climbed from the lowest rung of the economic ladder to the highest. The later comers found economic salvation by way of the sweat-shop.

The Western Jews did not love these their brethren any more than they themselves were loved by the Gentiles; not only did they become unscrupulous competitors—they emphasized " Jewishness," a sum of rather disagreeable characteristics from which the Western Jews had weaned themselves, more or less.

Because of these Eastern Jews Anti-Semitism became almost general in the United States, and as a result all Jews were socially ostracized, an inevitable but cruel expedient to compel conformity and one which such strong people as the Jews do not accept with good grace. *En masse* they now are not wanted in clubs, certain hotels and at many resorts. They enjoy equal economic opportunity and suffer about the same political disqualifications as Roman Catholics.

Where Protestants are in the majority Jews and Roman Catholics are rarely elected to public office, and more and more they are not chosen for teaching positions.

Every minority must regard itself as a guest of the majority, and that is not an easy rôle to maintain. Jews are apt to be assertive and noisy in an un-American sort of way; many of them are of the New Rich. The women dress obtrusively and have the bad taste to grow corpulent. When social contact is inevitable, the Jews respond too readily, lacking the strong reserve which the cultured American possesses, and the latter takes offense.

The Jew not only carries his heart on his sleeve, but also his desire to profit by every social contact; for while he is a good and loyal friend, his business sense obtrudes itself, and his friendship does not seem disinterested. Jews are quite conscious of this failing in each other and do not love one another the more for it. Shrewdness is a talent which Americans admire, only it must not be too evident.

On the whole, the Jews are a strongly differentiated, minority group, and while these differences are modified in the new environment they do not disappear as quickly as both guest and host may desire. Social equality, and that is a term difficult to define, cannot be demanded, it can only be earned, and those who earn it are not those who demand it.

The well-bred Jew as an individual, especially one who has achieved a fine character, is never excluded from anything which is worthy of a real gentleman's social desire. Fortunately there are some Jews who understand the situation, and who walk erect over thorns and thistles, and humbly and carefully where flowers grow.

What has added to the friction caused by this unlike minority is the fact that Jews have frequently interfered with certain American customs which are a result of religious beliefs. Orthodox Jews have urged the State to exempt them from the operation of the Sunday closing law, and their open stores on that day act as an irritant upon the religious consciousness of a group which has been most friendly to them and from whose pulpits the Jew has been both defended and idealized.

Again, it was both poor taste and bad judgment to press upon school authorities the demand to abolish Christmas exercises in the public schools. It is true that by law the public schools are non-sectarian; but Christmas is an universally accepted holiday, if not a holy day. The religious life of the Jewish child is not seriously hurt by listening to or joining in the singing of "Holy Night," and may be enriched by it.

Wise rabbis, and there are such, and anxious parents might truthfully tell their children that this Christ-child adored by the Christian world, was a Jewish child, circumcised the eighth day, knowing, sharing and enriching his Jewish religious inheritance, and that the whole Jewish race is honoured by this adoration.

A race which has given millions of souls their Saviour is not a race of which one need be ashamed.

No damage has come either to the Jewish race in America or to its religious beliefs by its acquiescence to these Christmas exercises. The protest against them has done greater damage than acceptance of the custom of the majority would have done. School authorities would respect the request of Jewish parents

to excuse their children from such exercises; for American people as a whole respect religious convictions. In certain aspects America is a Christian country, and it would be a far better country for both Jews and Gentiles if it were altogether so in the largest and fullest sense.

The Jews' continued and repeated protests against the reading of the Bible in the public schools have added to the conflict; though upon this point they are in accord with Roman Catholics, Agnostics and Infidels. It would show better judgment not to join in the protest, but to insist that if the Bible is read, selections should be made from it upon which all ethically-minded people can agree. It is doubtful that the reading of the Bible in the public schools has as much value or can do as much harm as its advocates and its opponents believe; but to read the Ten Commandments, the Sermon on the Mount, the twenty-third Psalm; the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians, the first chapter of Isaiah; the sixth chapter of Micah, the fifteenth chapter of Luke and other parables of Jesus, cannot help enriching the cultural and ethical life of every child, provided the reading is done as well as those passages deserve, and that nothing is read into them which is not there. Jewish children, on the whole, are too much cut off from the religious current of their race, and reading select portions of the Bible could but make them better Jews, even though they read portions of the New Testament.

Young Jewish intellectuals have done their part to make the yoke of their people heavy, by their on-

slaught upon the puritanic restraint in matters of sex; though they have not been the chief or the only sinners.

Puritanism, in part an inheritance from Judaism, had its good and bad sides, and both the good and the bad in it now seem doomed. The Hellenic spirit is triumphing over the Hebrew spirit. Our wealth and leisure, our position in the midst of the Pagan world are doing their best to crush it, and the aid of the young Jew is unnecessary. It would be more genuinely Jewish to contribute to Puritanism's good, the beautiful; to its restraint, self-expression; to its acquisitiveness, creativeness.

Roman Catholics, wherever they are in the minority, create similar conflicts, and Anti-Catholicism becomes as virulent as Anti-Semitism. In the seventeenth century Roman Catholics were more hated in Germany than Jews, and the same was true in England at about the same period. The Roman Catholic minorities in northern Europe, especially in Germany, have isolated themselves politically in the Centrist party and are at swords points with Liberals and Socialists; though at times they are all driven to unite against some common political foe.

In the United States the prejudices against Roman Catholics are partly inherited, for hatred of Popery was one of the obsessions of the Puritan forefathers, partly imported by way of northern Ireland and partly due to certain causes innate in Roman Catholicism, some of which have been indicated in previous chapters.

Roman Catholics, not being " unlike " in appearance and behaviour, suffer no social ostracism such as is

meted out to Jews; nevertheless, when the religious difference is discovered or declared, social contacts are not quite the same. An indefinably strange note is introduced, when for instance a good Roman Catholic declines to eat meat which his ignorant or thoughtless host offers him on Friday; or when host and guest must separate because the guest rises early and journeys far to attend Mass, not willing to share in Protestant worship if such is available. Usually the Roman Catholic loses nothing in the estimation of his host except when this scrupulousness in observing religious rules is at variance with his conduct.

At best the Protestant feels in the Roman Catholic a certain aloofness, a feeling of superiority, an inability or unwillingness to share with Protestants the certainties of religion on their own terms.

"Either, or." "If you are not a member of the Roman Catholic Church, you are anathema"—may not be spoken but is implied. There is no argument, at least the Roman Catholic will not argue. He may explain and affirm, and the Protestant may resent; for he likes to argue.

Protestants are heretics and the Roman Catholic Church has treated heretics as the State still treats revolutionists. This naturally has caused an estrangement between the two creeds which the frequent intermarriage between them does not modify, but usually intensifies, because Protestant parents lose their child to the Roman Catholic family and to the Church. They not only lose the child, but also the grandchildren; for the Church does not sanction such marriages

unless the possible children are pledged to it and nurtured according to that faith.

Happiness in these mixed marriages is gained only by this almost certain estrangement, and Protestant parents are therefore wary in admitting Roman Catholic youth into their social circle.

Parochial schools create additional conflicts. Roman Catholic citizens feel themselves burdened by taxes for the maintenance of public schools whose privileges they do not enjoy, and Protestants resent their attempt to obtain offices through which to control the schools or to find employment in them as teachers.

The purpose of the public schools to train children for citizenship seems thwarted by this division, and Protestants are not quite sure that the product of the parochial schools can be one hundred per cent American. The delicate question of Church and State, on which point Roman Catholic teaching seems so dogmatic and its practice often liberal, adds fuel to the flame, and the result is the exclusion of Roman Catholics from public office wherever they are in the minority. Their teachers in the public schools are apt to predominate where they are in the majority, and where Protestants are in control they are rare.

Every applicant for a teacher's position must answer the question as to his religious affiliation, and Jews and Roman Catholics alike face a handicap difficult to surmount. This is true not only in the public schools in many communities, but also in colleges and universities. One or two members of each faith may be admitted into the faculties of these higher institutions of learning

to keep them from the charge of intolerance; but "strait is the gate and narrow is the way and few there be that find it," if they are not of the approved faiths. In communities where there is a strong anti-Roman Catholic feeling there is economic friction, and bank cashiers and drug store clerks may make or break business according to their church affiliation. Majorities are intolerant of minorities to the degree of their own weakness. Minorities become overbearing to the degree of their growth in strength. Tolerance may be only negligence, but magnanimity is moral courage; and Protestants, Jews, and Roman Catholics destined to be in contact with one another need, above all else, moral courage—magnanimity.

XIII

THE WAY OF THE MEEK

THERE is no greater agony which a sensitive human being can suffer, than that of being bulked with the mass of his kind and marked and treated as an inferior, or exhibited as a biological or cultural menace.

When an entire group is attacked and suffers persecution, the individual may feel himself exalted, the agony of the many may flow into him, making him a hero or, if he personally suffers, a martyr; but a contemptuous glance, the curl of a lip, the shrug of a shoulder; the slamming of a door, the hissing sound of a taunting word; or a story told which provokes a laugh at the expense of one's race, are barbed arrows which continue to hurt no matter how often they strike, and he whose heart is calloused against this hurt is worthy of all the contempt heaped upon him.

The marks of race persist on the outside as well as on the inside; the cultural impress sits fast in the channels of the brain, or wherever the behaviourists have last placed it, yet the desire to escape them because they hurt is natural.

Baptism into the Christian Church as a way of escape is infrequently sought by Jews, and is heavily penalized by the group; the deserter forsakes his God

and goes over to the enemy from whom his people have suffered persecution.

It is the unpardonable sin of the Jew, and while no formal anathema is pronounced against him, except in the Orthodox synagogue, the hurt is felt by modern Jews as well, and it is regarded by most of them, also, as the unpardonable sin.

Baptism for the Jew is no more an escape from the Jewish racial and cultural inheritance and its penalties than the application of hair-straightener is an escape from Ethiopia. True as that is, it is also true that a Jew may become a Christian, driven by an inner compulsion to enlarge his spiritual experience. This is often the case when he is a mystic and finds no way of feeding his God-hungry soul, either in the sterile Orthodoxy in which he may have been born or in the arid, intellectual atmosphere of Reformed Judaism, the only alternative within Judaism.

Such Jewish Christians have found in Christianity a larger, broader, richer Judaism, a rejuvenated ancestral faith. There is much in Christianity which is neither Jewish nor Christian, but Pagan, and these Christian Jews have invariably become less Pagan and more devoutly Christian. They do not regard themselves as deserters or do they become aggressive proselyters; they accept the loneliness of their position as a price which they are willing to pay for the enrichment of their inner life and the broadening of their spiritual experience.

It is just possible that they are outposts into what is as yet "No Man's Land," which Jesus hinted at when He said to the Samaritan woman, "When neither in

this mountain nor at Jerusalem shall ye worship the Father;" "and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth." Baptism into the Christian Church is therefore no escape from Judaism, unless it is an escape into its larger, more spiritual, more universal phase, out of its purely historic and racial aspect. Isaiah, Amos, Hosea and Micah may make even the weak deserter proud of his colours.

To know the Apostle Paul intimately, to have a glimpse of the Man of Galilee, is to such Jews the only chance to fully experience the thrill of being born a Jew. Such an one can say without flinching, "I am a Jew." The arrows which come flying at the Jew hurt him the more because he knows all the limitations and all the weaknesses of his race as well as its spiritual strength.

To the Jews who cannot see the larger possibilities within Christianity, and this includes nearly all of them, there is still a way of escape through a more profound understanding of the spiritual mission of Israel, as set forth within the frame of the Old Testament through the practice of its laws and precepts where they have universal value. Mere Orthodoxy or mere modernity may lead deeper into mere Jewishness, and that is at best or worst a quagmire which leads neither to the glorious past nor to a better future.

Neither is biological assimilation a happy way of escape. There are no valid reasons against intermarriage between closely related races; in fact, the whole subject of human cross-breeding is still in the welter of prejudice. Marriages between Jews and Gentiles are

increasing, and the consequences in happiness, permanence, and the size and quality of the family have not visibly been impaired. Genius of a profound type has resulted from such marriages. However, in these days of frequent divorce and voluntary family restrictions, one lacks any criterion of comparison.

On the whole, it may be true that both the Jewish and the Gentile blood strains may be improved by intermarriage, provided, of course, that the individuals mated are of the proper type. Jews are apt to be overintense, too much handicapped by a mournful past to live a full, joyous and physically comfortable life, and an infusion of younger blood may rejuvenate the race, or at least do it no harm. It is true, however, that in the majority of intermarriages the children are lost to Judaism. Though Gentile women have made good Jewish wives and mothers, there are very few Gentile-Jewish fathers. The child born of a marriage between Jew and Gentile is not a half-breed as the Mulatto is. There may be inner conflicts, but there also may be a balancing and harmonizing of biological and cultural inheritances.

The commonest escape for the Jew and for the non-coloured, but also for members of the coloured races, is by way of material prosperity. The worship of money leads to the same altars, for mammon is the universal god. Money, provided there is plenty of it, inspires respect. The poor Jew is doubly cursed. The rich Jew has at least half his sins remitted. Wealth gives one's family the chance to acquire culture or at least a semblance of it.

Americanization is no way of escape, as it is merely the normal result of the new environment, and though often retarded, it is inevitable. The completely Americanized Jew is no less a Jew; though by conforming to the usages of the new society he becomes more of a gentleman.

The strong man, whatever his race or religion, stands erect and bravely shares with his people its handicaps. The weak or wicked man runs, even if there is no door which leads into the open. He runs to his own people merely to protect himself from the consequences of his misdoings. The protection of the criminal individual by his group is natural, but it is poor ethics and poor policy.

The Jew or any member of a group under the handicap of prejudice needs to be twice as strong as those who are against him; more restrained, more than doubly on his guard not to offend when offence is due to conduct. His group may never get full credit for his virtues, but his vices and weaknesses are chalked against it many fold. One crooked Jew casts a crooked shadow over all Israel, one loud, demanding Jewish voice continues to echo even after a thousand refined and well-mannered Jews have spoken. Calling the roll of the illustrious of the race in order to cover up one's own misconduct or others' glaring deficiencies is also unavailing and cowardly. The individual, of whatever race, must himself achieve something worthily, no matter how humble the task; then he does not need the intercession of the saints of his race to save him.

I know coloured washerwomen who are a credit to

their race, and Jewish junk dealers of whom any Jewish community may be proud. The race must be proud of the individual before he has a right to be proud of his race. The greatest sinners against the race are those who try to be shielded by its collective virtues.

In contact with the members of the dominant race, one need neither cringe nor climb. Jews and Gentiles may meet as full equals; for being a Jew or a Gentile is neither a mark of superiority or inferiority, and the same thing may be said of individuals of any race.

Here again any member of the minority group must, in such relations do better than his co-workers of the majority. He may have to work twice as hard to hold his place and be twice as meticulous about his appearance and conduct. He has to be himself, of course, but he has to be always his best self.

The strained relations which exist between the "unlike" in our colleges and universities are not always due to unreasoning prejudice. I have watched this conflict in my own college where Jews, Roman Catholics, Negroes and foreigners more or less distinguishable are in the minority. Jewish students, if they come from the homes of the rich, are often undisciplined and spoiled in the rearing. If they are poor they are apt to be boorish and untidy. They are also sophisticated and argumentative. Naturally it is impossible for immature boys and girls to be constantly on their guard, and it may not be best that they should be; but in my experience of twenty-five years of teaching, I have never known a case where a well-mannered, thoughtful Jew has not made his way into the favour of the stu-

dent body, no matter how Jewish he may have looked or how thoroughly Jewish he was in his religious beliefs and practices. As I have indicated, he must be a gentleman and a scholar; though excelling in athletics is a good substitute.

Roman Catholics, being unrecognizable, are under no handicap, and those I have known who have earned the respect of the student body on equal terms have almost always been devout. Negroes have the most difficult position, especially when they appear in considerable numbers. Those I have known were hard-working and unassuming, and suffered in proportion as they were sensitive and cultured.

Foreigners not of a coloured race, provided they are not immigrants, are in a privileged position. Their differences in pronunciation or in manners are accepted as quaint or " cute." They come to college to receive an education. They get over that conceit when they become Americanized.

The road which the unlike have to travel in the United States is only a little less difficult than it is in the Old World, and may become harder rather than easier in the days ahead. It is nowhere a boulevard and is often a thorny path; but it may always lead to the heights, and these are rarely reached without suffering.

The best way to " get even " with the proud majority which travels on the broad and unhindered road, is to make the narrow path the way to the more abundant life.

The religious life in the United States needs to be

reinforced by Roman Catholics, not by mere acquiescence in the Church's doctrines and dogmas, but by an acceptance of all the consequences, moral, social, and spiritual, which are involved in belonging to a Church which claims to be both holy and universal. The Roman Catholic Church and its members need to make valid these claims, and then indeed the "Gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

For all the minorities this must hold true; fighting one's way is not a way out, unless one fights for a sound principle, and then it is a question of both the spirit with which one enters the struggle and the weapons one uses. It still may be true, even in this age attuned to force as a solution of all human problems, that "The meek shall inherit the earth," and meekness is neither weakness nor bovine acquiescence in wrong; but a courageous attitude which trusts itself to the power and dignity of the inner life, to bring victory to the right. The meek use weapons, but they are not carnal, and when they fight they never fight to be treated as equals; for by the very refusal to be treated as equals they know themselves to be superior.

XIV

THE WAY OF THE MAJORITY

THE discussion of race and religion with one of the dominant majority, too often leads into a blind alley or into a powder magazine. The majority feels it an indisputable fact that the weaker are the inferior, and therefore dangerous; and that its own religious teachings spring from pure fountains while others are polluted by superstition and priestcraft.

Many a social group has a written and strictly enforced by-law not to discuss religion or politics, which, of course, would include race if members of other races were tolerated. This is a wise restriction, for in the ordinary group minds explode under the emotional stress of such discussion.

If the average layman cannot be trusted to fairly view the problems rising out of the enforced living together of various racial and religious groups, neither can it be taken for granted that scientific men are better able to do so.

The biologist who carefully observes, notes, and compares the functions of an almost invisible organ, will jump to conclusions when he discusses racial, or religious problems. Even Anthropologists are in wide and discordant disagreement from one another.

Social scientists have not always developed clear social vision; they have developed a new terminology, but when they try to build a new terminus it proves to be a Tower of Babel. During the World War scientific minds exploded and on the whole did more permanent damage than the "Big Berthas." Historians twisted historic facts out of joint, mathematicians proved that two and two in the enemy's camp made five; professors of philosophy talked like morons and teachers of literature manufactured poison gas in propaganda factories.

Science has its proud Pharisees and its scoffing Sadducees, its scribbling Scribes and its train of hangers-on. It has its Highpriests who officiate at the altar of truth; but it also has its host of priestlings who mumble incantations. It has its earnest disciples who serve the cause of truth in all humility, but it also has its climbers who aspire to sit on the right hand or the left hand of the seat of power.

Mankind, on the whole, is still primitive in spite of the fact that its birthdays are supposed to be a million. It is hypnotized by progress, which it measures from the cliff-dwelling to the apartment hotel, from the primitive man who wore the raw skin of the coon, to the raccoon overcoat of the collegian; from the burden on a man's (or woman's) back to the journey by easy stages; from the easy stages to the automobile sold on easy payments; from the Assyrian tablet to the American tabloid; from the poisoned arrow to poisoned gas and from the kite to the flying-machine.

It does not take one whit from the heroic story of man's gradual mastery of the laws of nature to say,

that though he has moved forward it is not necessarily upward; that though he has gained in speed he has lost his sense of direction; though he has more light he is not more illumined; though he is better informed he is not always educated. He has undoubtedly gained in the power of healing, but also of hurting; he has moved closer to other men but has not grown more hospitable; he is more civilized, which means that he is fit to live in a city, but he is not more cultured, which means that he is not yet fit to live in the universe.

Progress has been made in human relationships, but how imperceptible it is beside the shrieking radio, the speaking movie, the ubiquitous automobile and the art of salesmanship. We have leaped from Morse to Marconi, and from Newton to Einstein, but we are hardly a snail's pace from Isaiah, Jesus and Plato. Naturally there are reasons for this one-sided development.

Most inventions and discoveries have brought to mankind immediate release or a sense of release from heavy toil, from the limitations of time and space and from physical pain. On the other hand, every forward step in social relationships first brings limitations or the feeling of limitation, less individual freedom and some discomfort; the greater one's social vision, the greater the limitation and the suffering.

I can remember the transition from tallow candles to coal oil lamps, and the first, reluctant and suspicious acceptance of the new fluid; but it brought more light, less smudge and smell; and later, the more mysterious, more brilliant illuminating gas was accepted without hesitance, and no one, not even my old and conserva-

tive mother, wavered a moment before accepting the miraculous light shed by electricity.

In that same small town in the Carpathians in which, within less than a lifetime, this change in the use of illuminants took place because it brought evident comfort, there has been little or no cessation of social conflicts; indeed, the old ones are more intense. Jews and Gentiles are still in the earthquake and darkness which followed Calvary; Slavs and Magyars are in the throes of a thousand-year-old feud, and a new and more desperate conflict between Capitalists and Communists has been added.

In the United States, where electricity is more lavishly used than anywhere else in the world, where every two-by-four town has a White Way, where electricity would be discarded tomorrow if a more brilliant and cheaper light were discovered; the " darkness and the deep " still hover in certain spheres, just as before the creative morning; while social and economic problems are solved as Cain solved his difficulty with Abel. The full acceptance of what men know to be the light to drive away social darkness is still too expensive, and they are not willing to pay for it in sacrifice of brute power, loss of pride, loss of selfish indulgence and the giving up of their prejudices.

Not only is the social millennium to be, too expensive as compared with the scientific millennium which we now enjoy—it is on the whole more difficult to achieve. The chemical and physical laboratory out of which the new millennium emerged has discovered the certain and fixed behaviour of substances or elements; the

data can be weighed on scales and computed by mathematics, and that, of course, is not true of the behaviour of human beings. Both the observer and the observed are problematic and the observer reads into results what he went out to discover. No scientist studies the behaviour of oxygen with prejudice, even though his grandfather died from the lack of it, and he himself may be doomed to die the same way.

The Negro problem has a different aspect to the man who was born south of Mason and Dixon's line rather than north of it, and the north of Ireland man, even though he is a sociologist, starts with a bias when he studies Roman Catholicism; while the man who bought a rain-coat at a fire sale, and finds it not waterproof, cannot always be trusted to be fair in a discussion of the Jewish problem.

Statistics are not enough. The results of the intelligence tests gathered during the World War may be accurate, but their interpretation has left room for human nature in its unredeemed state to manifest itself, and a Ph.D. degree is not a proof of a high degree of intellectual integrity. Man as a social being is incalculable, and though Professor Dorsey has told us "Why We Behave Like Human Beings," most of us still wonder why we don't, and that includes some of the men who write books on social problems, as well as the many who do not read them.

If I should say that the way out of our social chaos for the majority is clear, honest thinking, I should not be asking the impossible. It would mean at least that we cannot always trust the books we read; neither the

statistics which are marshalled nor the conclusions which are drawn. In a field where there is so much disagreement it is better to be doubtful than dogmatic. On this subject of social problems the highest intelligence is needed to distinguish between the results of prejudice and honest research; propaganda and truth, and those of us who have no trained intelligence may trust ourselves only to the most reliable authorities, read only the best books, and when we read a "popular" book on the subject, read it with caution, and when we listen to a "popular" lecturer on the same subject, be armed with a (mental) double-barrelled shot-gun.

When the lecturer tells funny stories about Jews or Negroes or the Pope, the gun may be discharged; and the manslaughter which follows is justifiable.

The average man cannot trust his own observations; his data is too often gathered from a recent unpleasant encounter with an individual. The last dishonest Negro servant makes one forget the loyalty and honesty of those who served before him. The scandal in which one priest may be involved blots out of one's consciousness the fact that as a class, they have been true to their vows through many centuries.

One must be on one's guard not only against the results of one's own imperfect observations, but against the renegades, be they converted Roman Catholics or Mormons who make a living by exposing the secrets of their church.

A man may leave the communion in which he was born and make his way into another where he may find

larger liberty or a fuller aspect of truth; but to expose the supposed weaknesses of his group to its opponents or enemies, presupposes a certain moral deficiency and untrustworthiness. It may "take a thief to catch a thief," nevertheless he is a thief, and because he is baptized into one's own communion does not make him less a renegade.

The man who wishes to think clearly must free himself from the compelling force of pattern words, phrases and slogans which have done so much mischief in human relationships. Most things current as facts which are made into a phrase are not true; catch phrases catch lies more easily than truth. Slogans are invented for the purpose of making clear thinking impossible. The man who wishes to think clearly will not use the contemptuous names which have been fastened upon races or nationalities for the purpose of demeaning them. The man who by choice uses the word "Nigger" rather than Negro, declares by the use of that word that he wishes to think Negroes may be permanently doomed to inferiority. "Wop" or "Dago" or "Hunky" are names never used by intelligent or well-meaning men when they wish to speak of certain foreigners.

Those who speak of Roman Catholics as "Papists" never intend to be fair-minded, and Roman Catholics who speak of Protestants as "Heretics" do not wish to be complimentary or just.

The name Jew is unpleasant enough, suggesting as it does to many people, certain implications; but only a blackguard uses the word "Sheeny."

In this difficult field there is a way of knowing, which is less subject to error than mere intellectual observation. It comes through sympathetic understanding intelligence illumined by altruistic, and more so by religious feeling.

It is a curious fact that nearly every person who has been in a helpful relationship with the so-called inferior or socially outclassed, never regards them as inferior. Missionaries and social workers become immune against prejudice. They discover the great, scientific truth that there is only one race, and they discover it without the aid of Anthropology or Ethnology.

The devoted man who works for Negroes in the heart of Africa, finds them " frail and feeble as dust," yet heroic, courageous and strong, like the sons of God. He is not blind to their limitations in those things in which they do not measure up to the white man; but he knows the reasons for the deficiency. He knows instances when contact with the dynamic personality of Jesus has made the least great, and the last first. He knows saintly men and women in Kraal and Bush, strong characters, though nature has intensified all hungers and passions in the tropics. He discovers loyalties unto death, maintained against the urge of self-preservation. His experience is illumined by love, and love does not blind him. Love is becoming like the all-knowing and forgiving God.

Hate and fear blind one. Those of us who passed through the Great War and yielded ourselves to the compulsion of hate and fear, know that most of the things we saw and accepted as solemn truth were not

true. We were blind, the whole world was blinded, and it staggered nearly into the abyss.

Love, a perfect love, the love of God, the love which sees and knows; which trusts and creates trust, which is not blinded by self-interest; which is not stupefied by catch phrases and not made dizzy by the sense of power; which "believeth all things, hopeth all things," love must be added to knowledge, and knowledge may be gained by helpful living.

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In the impetuosity of the preceding pages there may be an excess of emotionalism, and throughout this book too much generalization; therefore as clearly and concisely as I may, I shall recapitulate. The individual (one cannot alas! speak of the dominant group as a whole) who wishes to find a way out of the conflict which exists between racial, religious or national groups in which he is involved, must believe the provable truth that mankind in all its varied manifestations in race or culture is fundamentally one.

There are differences and there are degrees of excellence, but they are not so great as to make harmonious contact between the unlike impossible. These differences and degrees of excellence need not be permanent, though uniformity is not one of the ways in which nature works.

Great cultures do not develop in great areas, and a centralization of culture, even in its religious aspects, might be its death. All the stars are glorious, and though "one star differeth from another star in glory," they are all held together by the same law.

Something like an American culture is being developed on this far-stretching continent, and each group is bringing its gifts voluntarily, perhaps unconsciously; therefore any pressure due to the impatience of the majority tends to disintegration and is a foe of creativeness.

The minority groups can afford to give up much which is non-essential, and helps in creating friction. The fundamental elements in all culture are of universal value and cannot be discarded without damage to the human race. This sense of oneness can be tested by an open approach to all the varieties of cultural manifestations as demonstrated in books, music and other forms of art.

When one enters understandingly into the Holy of Holies of another faith, and one can say, " Have we not one Father? " one experiences a sense of oneness, and a thrill unlike any other in life. When one grasps the spirit of folk music, moves with its rhythm and catches sight of its motif; or when a picture emerges from its strange setting and suddenly becomes familiar, and when all cultures blend in one's mind and soul, then one is truly cultured.

This does not imply not holding fast to one's own or not having deep convictions; this does not mean degenerating into a vapid cosmopolitanism; it does necessitate freeing one's self from provincialism and prejudice.

To again be personal: I am not a Roman Catholic. I would resist unto death being baptized into that Church; for I am a militant and convinced Protestant Christian; yet I read Roman Catholic writers. I ignore

their polemics but catch the note of holiness where it is sounded. I enter into their churches ignorant of many of the symbols of their religion, but knowing its mystery, and obedient to its compulsion to worship. I am often puzzled, but I never scoff.

Open-mindedness opens closed doors, not all of them, but all those which hold culture's universal treasures. Beside the open mind there needs to be the open heart, open to all sorts and kinds of people, and the lowliest often enter with the most precious gifts.

The real aristocrat is rich and noble, made so by these gifts brought from both the depths and the heights. As heaven has many gates which are never closed, and it would not be heaven if even one were, so the human heart ceases to be fully human when worthy men and women cannot come in to it because they are different.

This again means more, rather than less loyalty to one's race or group, and it does not follow, to quote the man whose mind explodes when he discusses race problems, that one should "let his daughter marry a Nigger," or that a "Nigger" would want to marry his daughter. To the degree that we disqualify races and brand them as inferiors, to the degree that we behave as haughty superiors, to that degree the weak, the cringing and the unworthy may want to marry our daughters.

When we grant recognition to other races and help them to gain in dignity and self-respect, to that degree they will obey the call of their blood to mate with their "like."

No man has attained a worthwhile culture who does not know worthwhile men of varied shifts of social and cultural strata. In his day and in his prime, Theodore Roosevelt was the most cultured man in America. He believed and practiced the doctrine of the " open door " in human relations.

Another way of escape for one of the majority out of the welter of prejudice, is humility, and humility is a mental posture, like stooping before jumping. The great adventure into brotherhood has to begin in humility of spirit. It ought not to be a difficult posture to attain by one who is open-minded.

What have we achieved as compared with those who have been handicapped by race or by an untoward environment? How miserably has our race or church failed in living up to its rich opportunities. " God be merciful to me a sinner! " is a prayer to be uttered, not only as we measure our worth by the holiness of God, but as we measure it by the attainment of those who came up out of great tribulation. " I am a Nordic by grace of protoplasm," the proud man may say, but to what depths has his superior race descended, and what crimes has it not committed in the sacred name of civilization? " I am a Christian, and not a despised Jew," but how far is his church exemplifying the life and the precepts of Him whom he calls " Son of God," who was of the lineage of David?

" I am a Jew," but " Israel has done that which was evil in the sight of the Lord " in and out of the Bible. " I am one of the chosen people, to be a light unto the Gentiles," and we have made that light darkness.

Yes, there is need of humility, a humility which comes from having looked at one's self, one's own group, and then into the face of God. Then one is sure to utter the prayer, " God be merciful to me a sinner." It is this mercy of God which keeps humility from humiliation, from poverty of spirit and from self-abasement. This is God's world, we believe it is. He is working out His purposes, though we but dimly guess His aim. We often doubt that God is in His world, for we know that all is not " right with the world;" but this we know without doubt, that much that is not right we can make right; for that which is most wrong in the world is man-made and not God-willed. Something, somewhere, assures the bravely humble that here on this continent we may develop a great culture in which the soul of man will be of supreme value; in which personality, not property, will be the measure of achievement, and that a time will come when we will graft all the religious cultures and racial inheritances into unity, making an American culture of universal worth and eternal value.

Printed in the United States of America

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